

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

Few people, I imagine, take the pains to analyze the conventionalities with which they find it convenient to surround themselves, or to trace the history of the polite and social fictions which protect them from inconvenience. The servant says at the door, "Not at home." The straight-laced and stiff-backed people upon whom nobody calls and who are consequently never put to the test of a social life, declare with most uncompromising vigor that it is a lie to say that one is not at home when one is in the house. It seems to me that this is putting veracity in the front hall as a sort of a fighting post with which to insult people and provoke feuds which only the ignorant and insolent desire to have in existence. Being "At Home" means that one is prepared to receive visitors, or, in fact, prepared to receive a special visitor. It cannot be construed socially as anything more than an evasion of what might be a heated and unpleasant episode. The most conscientious cannot misunderstandingly interpret it as a lie. Ladies put on their cards "At Home Monday," Tuesday or any other day. Nobody imagines that they are not at home the other days, if at home means being in the house, yet I presume there are many who have conscientious scruples about instructing their man or maid who answers the door to use this distinct and thoroughly admissible formula.

In the law courts similar conventionalities have grown, and I imagine that they have their origin in the same inherent sense of kindness, which is the first element of culture. For instance, when a person is arrested he is warned to say nothing to his detriment, as it may be used against him. In civil matters, if a paper is in possession of the court incriminating a man it has been the rule everywhere to present it to him, ask him if he recognizes the signature and is cognizant of the facts connected with its application to the point which the court is endeavoring to make clear. I believe it is the rule in every court, one established by both usage and propriety, that no effort shall be made to force a man to give evidence in the giving of which lapse of time, mental absorption in another topic or fear to be explicit in matters involving others, shall lead the one testifying into extraneous matters and the unhappy position of being too eager to talk. Another point that I would like to call attention to is, that a court or enquiry, except it be based on the old-fashioned methods of Russia or France, must have a definite charge and a thoroughly outlined purpose before it begins to dally with a man's character or enquire into a business man's pursuits.

It seems to me that the present investigation, while it is no doubt disclosing much that the public are anxious to know, is a court that may seriously threaten any civilized community. We are not in the habit of acknowledging that men who occupy judicial positions are so thoroughly sequestered from the ambitions and temptations of life that they may be given unlimited powers of censorship over the acts of their fellow-citizens. Unlimited powers to examine any citizen of Toronto as to his business methods and the propriety of his life is something that could not be contemplated for a moment. Nor can it be set forth in any plea where, at any point, a man's business relations first begin to entangle themselves with the public interest. The public interest is a wide and necessarily indefinite term. Truthfulness, probity, justice, all those things that weigh in the scale of a right to be considered a just and honorable man, mingle themselves with the various codes by which business men conduct themselves. What I mean to say is, that there is scarcely a business house in Toronto, a professional firm or any man or set of men doing business, who do not permit a certain latitude in the procuring of business and the fulfilment of contracts. The laws of the land and the possibly elastic condition of commercial morality all lend themselves to each man's interpretation of what he has a right to do. If anyone is held to be an offender the charge has hitherto been made definite and the accused must confine himself to stated cases and provide evidence of a most definite and undeniable sort. That this procedure is necessary must be obvious to everybody, otherwise you or I could indict our neighbor or persecute our enemy in a most general and damaging way.

I submit that the investigation which is now going on with regard to the conduct of those who have been entrusted with the affairs of the city, is a most irregular and dangerous proceeding. As it happens, the prosecution and the judgment rest with men in whom we have the greatest confidence. I have not been slow to state that I believe in the probity of the judge and the ability and honor of the prosecutor, yet the danger of permitting unlimited powers to rest in the hands of any two men is becoming every day more apparent. The investigation has ceased to be a court of justice; it is now a trial by public opinion, unhampered by those conventionalities which I have tried to make intelligible and which are conspicuously necessary to protect people from being harassed and embarrassed by the questions of a censor. In the first place, I do not believe that the court of investigation can be considered to possess the powers which it is exercising. A court or enquiry must be based upon a definite something and not have a roving commission to "go fishing" for something damaging to somebody. The general tenor of public feeling that there was something wrong municipally,

the fact that something wrong has been proved against a number of people, the popular belief that there are others who remain unblemished who can be found out if sufficiently tried, all tend to the formation of a wave of distrust, accusation and prosecution which may end anywhere, or, as touching the conduct and reputation of private individuals, may mean ruin to people who are innocently involved. When I say "innocently involved," I only state the possibilities which every man can conceive when the whole atmosphere of the court is one of suspicion, anonymous charges, back-biting, slander and the whispering away of a character which at its best may not be very bright, but which is sufficient to entitle a man to a place in the community and to the confidence of those with whom he associates in business.

Separating ourselves from what we must admit has up to the present point been of public benefit, can we construe the theory and methods of the present investigation as anything but a sort of witch trial? You, or I, or the enemy of anybody may formulate charges in an indefinite, even an anonymous way, and

called upon him at that time, and wonders which of them it was who was putting the job up on him. Still he denies that there was any such transaction. Then he is asked if he stood on the corner of Queen and Yonge streets at 11.15 on the 17th of June and engaged in conversation with a man wearing a drab overcoat. He has no recollection of it; the date may have been years ago. His indefiniteness is whispered about as a suspicious condition. Then an enquiry is made if he visited a small cottage on Elm street on the 18th of June at 3.15 p.m. If he has been in the habit of going about doing good he will struggle to recollect and will necessarily be indefinite. Then counsel thunders at him the charge that he is prepared to prove that he received a thousand dollars on the 18th of June, at 7.18, to influence an alderman of his denomination to vote for a contract to squeeze cider out of horsechestnuts. His indefiniteness and general denial may have no effect except to cast suspicion upon him, and the public will be led to believe that an honest and well-intentioned man has been mixing himself up with municipal politics in some scheme for utilizing horsechestnuts for the manufacture of cider.

Then he is told to step down, but not to leave town. How like the old hanging episode—just give him breath and a moment to appreciate the next horror! It seems to me nothing but lynch law, and public opinion has become so excited that any man who is questioned is written down as a suspect, and scandal, both verbal and in the newspapers, does the rest. It is a serious thing that the lives of people who have hitherto stood well enough in the community to be entrusted with public positions, can thus be sacrificed. I am not denying the benefits of the court of enquiry; I am simply pointing out the awful results that may come to us if we accept the present system as one suitable to civilization or the proprieties of commercial life. That the proceedings could be obstructed by injunction, resistance and the forms of law, is immaterial; a man who refused to be examined would be set down as a scoundrel with something serious to conceal. The public are so thoroughly aroused that everybody's opinion is that everybody else is a wrong-doer. The informers make assertions like the "familiar" who were apt to shout hard things and use taunting expressions at the old-fashioned burnings and thus established

disturbed that ordinary rules are abandoned and extraordinary proceedings are being taken. I am not urging that a solitary instance is furnished by the present prosecution of the innocent being destroyed by those having the affair in charge; all I am trying to prove is that it is a most dangerous thing, an extraordinary precedent, a return to old-fashioned and inquisitorial methods, a transfer of the power of public opinion to men, who in the present instance have used their strange functions moderately, but which on a future occasion, should the system be followed, may result in serious interference with the rights of the citizen, the course of justice and the possibility of filling public places with proper men.

The somewhat indirect references to the newspapers made by Judge McDougall and prosecuting attorney Nesbitt, leave all journals tainted by the suggestion of having been influenced more or less by the Street Railway Company. I think some of them may have received money which led them to say things in their columns which would not have been said had they been exercising the vigilance which a newspaper is supposed to exercise over every line that goes into its pages, but it might be well for the whole amount to be published and the specific instances in which newspapers have received money for inserting "paid matter" to be stated in full. The insertion of "paid matter" in a newspaper is becoming a distinct disgrace to journalism. There are newspapers in this city which are willing to put in a most villainous attack upon a man if it is only paid for, and when the one offended makes complaint the manager says, "Well, it was only paid matter," as if that excused the impropriety of the material used. I imagine that nothing could be of greater value to local journalism than a thorough washing up of this whole "paid matter" business. This is particularly true in the case of newspapers which may be suspected but which had no hand in the division of the amount which it is alleged was paid to somebody.

Necessarily we go to press before the Friday night meeting where the future of Toronto's government is to be discussed. The discussion should take but very little time; what the people should agree upon is to act, not talk. In a crisis such as the present the mere repetition of stale phrases will accomplish nothing. When a country is threatened by an enemy it is the habit of men to volunteer, not to make speeches. What is desirable now is not noise, but self-sacrifice, and the coming forward of men to serve the city who are undeniably fit for the place. It is to be feared that men who have no standing and whose *bona fides* are open to suspicion will likely thrust themselves to the front, and that the electors will possibly have a meaner crowd to select from than ever before. With this in view, great pains should be taken not to waste the time of the association which it is said will be formed, in naming men whose positions make it impossible for them to go into public life, while on the other hand it is equally important that dangerous people should not be thrust into public sight as municipal saviours when they are probably as bad as, or worse than those who are already experienced in the art of misgoverning the city. Nor should it be forgotten that there are several good men already in the Council who should be kept there.

In the old times, before boards of education were well established, it was the custom for district school trustees to examine applicants for the position of schoolteacher. A rural board when examining an applicant asked him his views with regard to the shape of the earth. He stated that some thought it was round and some thought it was flat; personally, he believed it was round, but he was willing to teach it either way. This seems to me Mr. Marter's position on the questions which he made prominent in the London campaign. He was in favor of Prohibition and opposed to Separate schools. In his speech on Wednesday evening in West Toronto he admitted that his principles had been demonstrated as not politically profitable to the party of which he is the leader, and suggested that they might be exchanged for something else. That is to say, he is "willing to teach it either way." I am of the opinion that Prohibition is a mistake and that Separate schools are an anomaly in this country. I am not prepared to teach these things either way; I may show my lack of adaptability to political business, but it seems to me that it makes it impossible for anyone to follow Mr. Marter, who believes one way but is not prepared to teach a doctrine that is the very opposite. It may have been a political mistake to oppose Separate schools or demand their reorganization on the basis of making the said schools thoroughly in harmony with the citizenship of the country. If the demand was not based on the idea that our citizenship was endangered by Separate schools, the movement was a mistake; if, however, the more thoughtful and far-sighted people believed and believe that Separate schools divided and divide the citizenship of the Dominion in an improper manner, no one and no party has a right to preach a different doctrine while holding these views.

I am free to admit that Mr. Marter's views are necessarily the laughing-stock of the people when he contends that agitation is no longer profitable. As far as I am concerned there never was any agitation for agitation's sake; it was agitation for



A PEASANT GIRL OF TAORMINA.

ask that So-and-so be called to show that he has not been implicated in a dishonorable transaction. Of course we can trust, in the present instance, to the fairness of the judge and the unusual tact and justice of the prosecutor, but we must remember that we are establishing a precedent, a censorship, a system of examination which has no counterpart except amongst the secret police and tyrannical tribunals of the older lands which find it necessary every now and then to export a colony to Siberia or to some far away island of the seas.

Let me give you an example of how this might be made to work inestimable damage to a decent man. A contract has been made or a franchise granted. The most popular clergyman of a denomination is summoned before the tribunal to be investigated. The following questions are put to him: "Were you in the parsonage at ten-thirty on the night of the 16th of June?" He admits that he probably was, that he does not recollect very distinctly. At this point the prosecutor gives the newspapers a very readable half-column by toying with him as to whether his movements are so obscure and so suspicious that he does not know where he was on the 16th of June. He is asked then if a promoter called on him at that hour, on that date. Not remembering the hour nor having the date in his mind, and not knowing who the promoter was nor what he was promoting, he is again indefinite. Another half-column for the sensational newspaper. The Rev. So-and-so did not know whether he had been called upon! He is asked if ten thousand dollars was mentioned by the promoter on the 16th of June at ten-thirty. At this point he strenuously denies any such transaction. He is told that they have information that such was the case. He thinks about the seekers after grace who

If this is to be permitted, no man in the city is free from the likelihood of having his conduct called in question, his motives and movements enquired into and his reputation irretrievably damaged. That the illustration is an extreme one, selected because of the extremity of the case, makes no difference; I am only trying to point out the possibilities and disastrous consequences of an enquiry limited by nothing, unhampered by either law or conventionality or those proprieties which are generally observed.

Once I had the soul-disturbing opportunity of participating in a lynching, a trial by public opinion, an opinion represented by the beliefs of fifteen or twenty men, all of whom had had their horses stolen. I saw a man strung up until his tongue hung thick and black like a big bar out of his mouth. He was let down and given a drink and told to confess. Everybody believed him guilty, everybody wanted his horse or horses back. Again he was strung up till black in the face and unconscious; again he was let down and resuscitated. The awful horror of that torture made me beg for his life. The loss of a horse seemed to me nothing to the inhumanity of torturing a fellow-creature. The operation was performed again and again, until at last it was thought he was dead, and then when brought back to a knowledge of his surroundings he confessed. We got our horses back and his confederates were discovered.

Yet the inhumanity of the whole proceeding impressed me so vividly that I would rather lose every fraction of my belongings than participate in any such affair again. How much better is the present enquiry? We are at liberty to drag in our next-door neighbor, to accuse our enemy, to blacken the character of anybody objectionable to us by having him put in the box and questions asked of him.

themselves as good citizens while their comrades were being roasted at the stake. We do not need to return to the witch trials and heresy-hunting expeditions of the past; we have every year a tribunal at which we judge men when electing them or rejecting them.

The ballot-box is where we have our opportunity of trying offenders who occupy or desire to occupy public office. If we are derelict in our duty, if we put wrong men in high places, we have a right to suffer, but I claim that we have no right to establish an inquisition or put our victims on the rack. If it be established that this present method is proper, the elector will feel himself relieved of responsibility and hope for further opportunities of breaking bones and tearing out nerves to show his good intentions and the bad conduct of public servants. The whole thing is foreign to the spirit of the age; it is a return to inquisitorial methods that have been denounced by every writer and speaker and thinker who is imbued with the idea of liberty. It is an artificial and dangerous condition in an age that considers every man innocent until he is proved guilty. Nothing can justify any proceedings where a man can be placed in a box to swear that he is not an infernal scoundrel, even if such a proceeding may occasionally develop the fact that a man is all that he is charged with being or could be. Of course anyone who takes this position in the present heated period of public opinion will be denounced as endeavoring to shield the guilty, and will naturally be accused of participating in the rewards of the corrupt. It is quite immaterial to me how it may be received as long as the statements are accepted as correct and as embodying the beliefs upon which our laws and conventionalities are founded. If at any time a writer or publicist can be of use to the community, it is when the community is so

principle's sake, and if the agitation is to be abandoned I contend that the principle is being abandoned. In regard to Prohibition, I think Mr. Marter was wrong and out of sympathy with his party. It is a strange time to ask advice, after the damage has been done. If the party elected Mr. Marter as a Prohibition leader they should sustain him, but I imagine they did no such thing. If they do not sustain him as such there is only one thing for him to do, and that is retire. There are too many Conservatives in Ontario who are unwilling to be pupils of a teacher who is willing to teach that the world is either round or flat, according to the prevalence of the prejudice at the moment, to follow Mr. Marter in his extraordinarily elastic programme. In Mr. Meredith the Ontario Opposition often had fault to find with regard to his assumption that he was the party and needed no help or advice from the rank and file. The greatness of the man was the excuse of the occasion; this excuse does not exist in the case of Mr. Marter.

Money Matters.

According to best possible information, this year will be a bad one for bankers, who are now beginning to realize the folly of their past policy. It is likely bank stocks will fall, and that soon.

The City of Brantford has always been generous in giving bonuses to manufacturers of different lines. They have, however, decided to tax auctioneers selling bankrupt stocks \$25 a day. I do not yet know whether this decision will reach peripatetic merchants, or rather, peddlers, who buy up bankrupt stocks at less than 100 cents on the dollar, with the result that the man next door, who intends to, and has always paid 100 cents on the dollar, will be cut out of his regular business. This is a matter of what I would call commercial anarchy, and to which I will pay more particular attention in a future article, because it has been the subject of serious consideration in the Board of Trade, not only in Toronto, but other Boards of Trade in the Dominion. It is necessary that the honest trader should be protected.

Now with regard to stocks: They are becoming firmer. I have always advised that Commercial Cable Company's stock was a good thing to invest in, and their dividend declared this week justifies the advice given.

C. P. R. stock has recovered, because, as I advised our readers, there was too much sold, and the earnings increased because of the improvement of the car service.

Montreal Street Railway stock is getting firmer and firmer.

Now as to debentures from municipalities: The Lennox and Addington debentures have been sold at a very high price, but I am afraid that they cannot be touched by private investors here. As I warned our readers, this line of stock has been considered so good that home country people have placed their orders here for that class of stock, and, although I object to use the words, "I told you so," still, it is to be feared that the readiness with which this stock is looked for and taken up may induce other municipalities to run into debt beyond what they are entitled to.

The County of Elgin wants to issue \$15,000 of debentures, bearing 5 per cent. interest per annum, payable in ten annual instalments.

The township of Onondaga wish to issue \$2,000 debenture bonds bearing 5 per cent. interest per annum at 1, 2, 3, and 4 years. These are small things, not to be compared with Dominion bonds, nor Ontario bonds, though they lie within the line of private investors and if our readers will address me as to how they can secure these bonds, I shall be most happy to answer them without charging any commission, either to them or anybody else. What I want to do, and what all readers of SATURDAY NIGHT must have seen, is to give plain, straight, unbiased information as to safe investments for individuals who are not speculators and who are not in business.

ESAU.

Social and Personal.

The much-talked-of and eagerly anticipated night sacred to the memory of Scotia's patron saint has come and gone, especially gone, a good deal longer ago than is well for the writer who seeks to recall its fun and finery. The glories of St. Andrew's ball suffered nothing in comparison with the splendor of the gala night recently held in the Granite Rink, for the flavor of the latter was of the sea and of sport, while the Scottish dance had a truly national twang that no other dance can aspire unto. Instead of shaded boudoirs with dainty hangings and velvet cushions, watched over by sprites of the foam and mermaids, there were trophies of shields, claymores and tartans, bearing some lordly Scottish name, under the protection of which any number of timid Canadian lasses might safely cluster. "Cosby" guarded a bonnie crowd, and was always a favorite rendezvous. "Cassels" was a convenient spot, near the dais and the conservatory, and had lovely women galore, who gave it as their watchword.

A feature of this year's St. Andrew's ball was the very good dancing of the Scotch reels, the Highland schottische and the reel of Tulloch, which have been essayed for the first time by a number of society people with great success. Mr. and Mrs. Cassels, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Jones, Colonel Davidson and Major Cosby, Mrs. Sweny, Misses Edna and Mabel Lee, the Misses Michie, Mrs. Cowan, Mrs. Hay, Captain and Miss Hendrie, the Misses Mackenzie, Miss Buchanan, Captain John Michie, Mr. and Mrs. Fraser, Mr. Churchill Cockburn, Mr. Adam, Mr. George Mitchell, Miss Katie Stevenson, Mrs. Alfred Cameron, Captain and Mrs. Cecil Gibson, Miss May Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Whyte Fraser, and most of the officers of the 48th balanced, tripped and swung to the strains of the pipes and the delight of themselves and their friends, who made a hurried scamper for the dais and the galleries at the first skirl of the pipes. Ah! the pipes and the enormous piper, the best piper in America is Sutherland, and he piped until the drops of perspiration poured down his face, and he let them pour, and piped on! And the Colonel and the Major danced sedately, as became

their high rank, and the Captains did the most astonishing steps and piroettes, and when stepping and piroetting were not enough they snapped their fingers and shouted till the ladies in the galleries opined they'd lost their senses. But it is only the proper thing when Scot meets Scot in that locking of arms and whirling of kilts in the bonny reel of Tulloch. The dais was very handsomely arranged as a drawing-room with plenty of comfortable sofas and chairs and handsome palms and flowers, and on the dais were the chaperones, who are the glory of every smart ball. Mrs. Kirkpatrick wore black satin and lace with a *fiara* sparkling on her glossy brown hair; Mrs. Cosby wore delicate brocade; Mrs. Davidson, heliotrope *faile*; Mrs. G. W. Allan wore black velvet and lace; Mrs. Theodore King, a perfect picture of a dainty gown in rich satin brocade; Mrs. Allen Cassels was in white, as was also Mrs. Wallace Jones; Mrs. James was also in brocade and pearls; Mrs. Mortimer Clark wore pale green and rose brocade satin, one of the gowns that hold hints of the sea and sunrise in its shimmering folds; Mrs. Cockburn was in black velvet and lace, and looked very sweet and lovely; Mrs. George T. Denison wore peach satin with dark velvet straps; Mrs. W. S. Lee wore green velvet; Mrs. Covert Moffatt never looked more beautiful than in her heliotrope gown with violets nestled against her ivory shoulders; Mrs. Bunting was in black with her snowy *coiffure a la Pompadour*; Mrs. Fred C. Denison wore delicate fawn silk with white lace *bertha*; Mrs. Hay wore very pale blue with deep white lace and looked very handsome; Mrs. Woodward of New York was in pink; Mrs. Gibson wore canary yellow silk and striped *chiffon*; Mrs. Cattannach was in black, with her wealth of hair coiled in many shining braids as of old; Mrs. Hamilton Merritt, whom everyone is glad to welcome back to health and gaiety, was a pretty picture in ivory *duchesse* satin with strawberry plush and *duchesse* lace trimmings and very large sleeves; Mrs. Guy Warwick was in black *moire* and sleeves of pale green; Mrs. Simpson wore a handsome gown of black satin with touches of rose and rare old lace; Mrs. George Kennedy wore a rich Watteau gown of pale lavender and white brocade; Mrs. Hetherington of Atherly, white silk and lace, exquisitely fitted and worn; Mrs. Clemon of Ottawa was in black with trimmings of flame-colored *chiffon*. A stylish and queenly visitor was Miss Tena Hendrie, in pale blue silk, whose dancing was a charming example of the grace and lightness a Scotch dance exacts. Several people whom one misses sorely at a smart ball were not at St. Andrew's. Bright and charming Miss Marian Wilkie, who danced so beautifully at those merry practices, has been called into retirement by the lamented death of her grandmother, almost on the eve of St. Andrew's. Miss Ada Arthur is in New York, where, I hear, she is enjoying the brilliancy of social and operatic delights to perfection. But though here and there one missed faces one looked for, there were hundreds of the brightest and sweetest of our Toronto girls and several *debutantes* whose *entree* was distinctly interesting. Of these latter I remarked bright and graceful Miss Cattannach, in a perfect little gown of pure white. The music was excellent, a large and spirited orchestra being in the east gallery. As to the floor, it was the glory of the committee and is without doubt the very best in the city. In fact, for the reels it was found to be a trifle "anxious," as a brawny kilted dancer expressed it. Fraulein Krugge, who came with Mr. and Mrs. Jack Murray, was radiant in pink *faile*, and her pretty German-English was delightful; Miss Paton of Clover Hill, whose sweet disposition matches her face, was a most admired guest. One regretted anew that family bereavement prevented her lovely hostess, Mrs. Kerr Osborne, from being with her. As to the bright and bonnie lasses who are, as the children say, "ours to keep," I have but one word for them, that I wish Max O'Rell could see them in a ball-room, and I am sure he would amplify his approval beyond praising a glimpse of their bright eyes and pretty complexions, as he says he has seen them nestled in their winter furs. And not to overlook the more material comfort of these merry maidens and their elders and cavaliers, I must give a word to the supper, which was served in the new conservatory, a much appreciated addition to the Pavilion on all occasions but especially on that of a ball. When one recalls the hastily swallowed bite, taken standing and sometimes shivering in the temporary supper-room of the past, one blesses the generosity of the master of Chestnut Park, whose gift of exotics necessitated the erection of the new conservatory in which we supped so cosily on St. Andrew's night. The menu, supplied by Webb, was well served and very appetizing, and the arrangements, under Barker's direction, were very elegantly carried out.

Mrs. Marsh of Avenue road gave a very pleasant progressive euchre party on Thursday evening, at which some pretty prizes were won. Mrs. Hetherington of Atherly managed to secure the booby prize, which was quite too attractive for such a reward.

Dr. and Mrs. O'Reilly gave a dinner party on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. W. G. Marsh gave a thimble tea on the same day, at which the ladies were each asked to work a scrap of embroidery for a souvenir spread. A feature which rendered the affair of interest was the request of the hostess that the scrap might be a portion of the wedding or *trousseau* gowns of her guests. In every case, save one, the scrap was of the desired material, but there is a bonnie bride in Toronto whose wedding was of the Gretna Green order, and who absolutely forgets which modest gown she wore on the great day!

Christmas afternoon and evening will be marked by a special holiday entertainment in Massey Music Hall, under the patronage of His Honor the Lieutenant Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, when Miss Nellie Ganthony, the social satirist, will make a return visit to the city. Miss Ganthony will be assisted by Miss Jessie Alexander, Mrs. Isidor Klein, Master Percy Hambley, Mr. Frank Wright and Mr. J. Lewis Browne, and the Queen's Own Bugle Band. The affair is under the joint auspices

of the Queen's Own Rifles and the East Toronto Cricket Club.

A dinner which was of perfect elegance was given on Wednesday by Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Beatty. This is the third of a series of dinners given by a hostess whose taste and *savoir faire* always provide something worthy of comment.

Mrs. McLaren of St. George street gave a tea on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Hoyle of Lowther avenue had a dinner party last evening.

A dinner was given by Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Clark on Tuesday.

Mrs. Riddell of St. George street gave a yellow luncheon to a party of twelve ladies on Wednesday, which it needs not to tell was most inviting.

The Misses Hedley of St. Joseph street give an afternoon tea next Saturday.

Mrs. Hood of Spadina avenue gave a most enjoyable luncheon on Thursday of last week. Covers were laid for ten. The following ladies were present: Mrs. George Nattress, Mrs. Fleming, Mrs. McDonnell, Mrs. Herbert Robinson, Mrs. Holman, Mrs. Hall, Mrs. Masten, Mrs. William Nattress and Mrs. William Dundford.

Mrs. Donough of Ontario street entertained on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hagarty gave a dinner on Tuesday evening, at which covers were laid for twelve.

Miss Mackenzie of Sarnia has been staying with Mrs. Somerville of Athelstone for some time.

Mrs. George R. Warwick gave a pretty dinner on Thursday evening.

Mrs. Beatty of Isabella street had a tea for her dowager friends one afternoon this week. If one wishes to see how bright and merry our dear elderly women can be, they should peep in upon some such delightful afternoon as that mentioned above.

The Misses King of Elm Lawn gave a thimble party on Friday of last week, in honor of Miss Hoffman of Elmira and Miss Tilden of Buffalo. Little Harry Macfarlane won all hearts by his sweet songs. Miss Hoffman, Miss Tilden and Mrs. Macfarlane sang, and Miss Ethel Taylor played most delightfully.

Cards are out for an At Home to be given by the Literary Society and the Old Boys' Club of Harbord Collegiate Institute on December 21. The committees having charge of the affair are as follows: Reception committee, H. B. Spott, M.A., chairman; finance committee, J. C. S. Shields, chairman; decoration committee, E. W. Hagarty, M.A., chairman.

Miss Elma Arthurs gives a progressive euchre on Monday evening for Miss McDougall of Montreal, who is the guest of the Misses Mortimer Clark.

Mrs. Pratt gave a lovely pink luncheon on Wednesday of last week to twenty ladies.

Mrs. Charles Moss gave a very pleasant tea last week.

Mrs. McLennan of Murray street gave a tea on November 29.

Mrs. Miles of Queen's park gave an afternoon on Saturday.

The next meeting of the French Club (*Les Hiboux*) will take place at the residence of Mrs. Kemp, 119 Wellesley crescent, on Saturday evening next.

Miss Grace Adam of Buffalo is on a visit to her aunt, Mrs. Howard, Church street.

The Bachelors of Bohemia, No. 536 Church street, give an At Home to gentlemen friends on Tuesday evening next.

Dr. Stevenson returned last Saturday from a visit of several months in Europe. The doctor was a passenger on the Furnessia and had an unusually stormy passage.

The engagement of Miss Bertha Kirkpatrick and Mr. Porter of Buffalo is announced.

Another engagement which was mistily foreshadowed in these columns months ago, will be announced before Christmas.

The Albion Club held a very pleasant At Home on Tuesday evening at Shaftesbury parlors. The committee in charge deserve every credit for the perfection of their arrangements.

On Friday evening next the Lorne Rugby Football Club will give a dance at St. George's Hall, for which excellent music and a dainty supper are arranged. An afternoon is also spoken of at Mrs. Hamilton Merritt's on the same date.

A little afternoon was hastily arranged at the Grange on Monday for Mr. Paul Blouet (Max O'Rell), when a select circle of friends of Mr. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith were privileged to meet the cleverest of clever Frenchmen.

Mrs. Rolph gave a very pleasant afternoon on Tuesday.

Mrs. Maurice Macfarlane gave an Art Gallery Evening on Monday to a number of friends, for which the catalogues were very clever and amusing. I described the fun of this style of entertainment recently. Mrs. Macfarlane sang beautifully, to the delight of her guests. The affair was given in honor of Mr. and Miss Tilden of Buffalo, guests of Mrs. Macfarlane.

Mrs. Fred Dixon, 65 Yorkville avenue, receives on the second and fourth Wednesdays.

Mrs. J. M. Mackenzie has removed from 620 Euclid avenue to 60 Admiral road and will be at home to her friends on Fridays.

Mr. Frank Warde and Miss L. Warde have returned from a very pleasant trip to New York, Washington and Portsmouth, Virginia.

Mr. Alan C. Ewart, son of J. S. Ewart, Q.C.,

of Winnipeg, was in town for Sunday, en route for New York. Mr. Ewart was the guest of Mrs. Henderson of Wellesley street, and left on Monday afternoon.

On Thursday of last week Miss MacDougall of Charles street gave a most charming tea to a few of her girl friends. Among those present were: Misses Badgerow, Boulton, Mulock, Strathy, Stevenson, Cartwright, Jarvis, Scott, Sutherland, Ethel MacDougall, May Brown, Hillary, Grassick, Archer, Helen Macdonald, Howard, Hedley, Lee, Mason, Smith, Lillie, and others.

Mrs. Bob Skinner gave a pink birthday luncheon on Monday to a number of lady friends at her charming home on St. Joseph street. The pretty and animated hostess wore pale pink, with falls of fine black lace. Among the ladies present I saw: Mrs. Kenneth Stewart, Mrs. Armstrong, Mrs. Harley Roberts and Miss Montgomery. Mr. and Mrs. Skinner made a flying visit to Woodstock on Saturday to see Colonel Skinner, who is in a very precarious state of health.

Miss Blanche M. Hirst was a *debutante* at St. Andrew's ball.

Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Church are nicely located in their new home, 53 Alexander street, where Mrs. Church receives every first and third Friday.

Mrs. Allen Aylesworth, who has been entertaining delightfully this season, gives a large progressive euchre on Thursday evening.

Captain and Mrs. Cartwright are settled at Stanley Barracks, in the quarters formerly occupied by Captain and Mrs. McDougall. Since Mrs. Cartwright came here a bride some seven or eight years ago, time has dealt lovingly with her, and only the presence of two chubby little daughters marks its flight.

Miss Merritt of St. Catharines, who has been visiting Mrs. Alfred Wright, has been called home by the illness of her father.

Several teas are on the *tapis* this afternoon: a large and delightful one on John street, two small affairs on Spadina avenue, and three or four of the latter description on the East Side.

Mrs. Wood of Wenvoe gave a tea on Tuesday for Mr. and Mrs. Nattress of New York, who returned to New York on Wednesday.

The little people have been gay this week, half a dozen children's parties having come to a climax of sleepy home-turning.

Art Notes.

Mr. L. R. O'Brien has long been known to art-lovers as a charming water-colorist, and the poetic effects which he was able to achieve always appealed to the taste and sentiment of the many and to the trained appreciation of the few. But now we have him in a new role, a painter in oils. His work of the past season is entirely in oils and at the exhibition which he and Mr. C. M. Manly are holding at Matthews' gallery, his success may be judged. In his oils Mr. O'Brien has retained all the charm that distinguished his water colors, while acquiring a strength and brilliance only possible in oils. He has lost nothing of his art while gaining much by changing the medium of its expression. No. 1, Cape Gaspe, is the largest canvas, showing the great cliffs surmounted by its lighthouse and enveloped in gray fog. No. 5, The Lifting of the Fog, No. 8, Fishing Station, Grand Manan, and No. 3, Cliffs of Dover, these are fine samples of art, splendid in atmosphere and sentiment. I would not knowingly have missed the treat of seeing these pictures for a good deal. Mr. C. M. Manly has devoted his summer almost exclusively to water colors, and has produced some delightful pieces. His No. 27, Upland in October, and No. 29, Upland in June, are gems. No. 28, The Day Declines, will be a capture for whoever gets it at catalogue price. Art-lovers can profitably spend an hour among these pictures, which will be on view this and next weeks.

The Winter Art Union Exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists will open on Friday afternoon, December 14, with a private view. Art Union subscribers of five dollar tickets will, with the honorary members, be the only ones to receive invitations to meet the artists and inspect their summer work. Pictures for exhibition have still to undergo the ordeal of a ballot vote of the Society before they are turned over to the hanging committee. I hope the Art Union will have many subscribers, so that the artists will be able to offer a good list of prizes. Tickets may be subscribed for at Matthews' gallery, 95 Yonge street.

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TORONTO—3 KING ST. EAST

Trinity Medical Dinner.

"His mouth was aching and he
Worked his jaw."

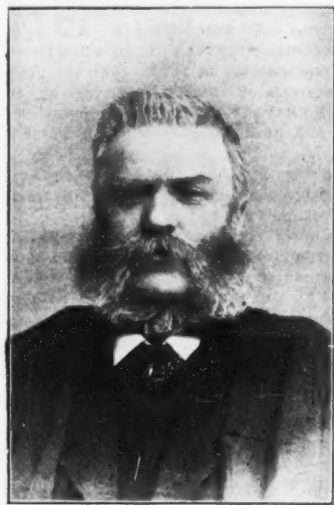
THIS was one of the encouraging texts that appeared upon the menu card of the eighteenth annual dinner of Trinity Medical College, which occurred at the Rossin House on Thursday night of last week. All the mottoes of the menu were peculiarly suggestive of a determination to empty plates and bottles with a vengeance. "Says guzzling Jack to gorging Jimmy, I am confounded hungry," was given as Thackeray's opinion on the situation. The mottoes referring to the drinking of toasts were somewhat misleading.

The clasher yill had made me cozy,
I was na fou, but just had plenty.

This was from Burns, and the next from that other great poet, Fletcher, sublime in sentiment as it is faultless in construction:

And he that will to bed go sober
Falls with the leaf still in October.

Of course these couplets were inserted on the menu purely in the Pickwickian sense, the only beverages on the bill being coffee and water, and hence it necessarily follows that everyone had to go to bed sober and take chances in "October." Once upon a time wines were drunk at medical dinners and the younger students used to sit early in the evening timidly wondering which glass was for port and which for sherry, but later on not caring a rap which wine he got or which glass it gurgled into, so that the waiter loitered not in his task. These days are gone,



Dean Gekkie.

but, mark you, I do not think the wine used at banquets is, or ever was, intoxicating. To an outsider, to a late arrival, the banquet hall of the Rossin at the recent dinner might have seemed to present a spectacle of undue exhilaration. But would you blame the water? Would you blame the coffee? Not at all; you would ascribe it to the contagious enthusiasm of the occasion. Then where wine is used why not ascribe a similar result to the same cause? The enthusiasm of a Trinity med. is a contagious intoxicant that makes dry, old, teetotal gentlemen, about two in the morning, try to stand on their heads and what not.

The opening address of President George Elliott was marked by choice diction and unusual good sense. He said he read in

the faces of all present that they would be true to the principles of their profession. The way they cheered made it plain that no matter how handy they might become with their surgical knives, they would never cut prices or otherwise violate their professional principles. He read in their faces, too, that they would be true to the precepts inculcated by the faculty, and true and loyal to their Alma Mater. He cautioned them, as they went out into the world to practice, against talking too much, "that flowing at the mouth, that running at the mouth which is characteristic of nothing so much, I think, well, as a mental bronchorrhea or any other ills." Rattling good advice it is, too, and not unneeded. He cautioned them likewise to do all they could to suppress the spirit of jealousy and spitefulness which so often marks the relations of doctors in opposition to each other. Altogether President Elliott's speech was a cracker, and contained wisdom for others than graduating students.

The toast of The Queen was honored, and then the Parliament of Canada, to which G. R. R. Cockburn, M.P., and Dr. Ryerson, M.P.P., responded. These joked each other, and the former made a hit with his parting shot at the students, "God bless you, but may God be merciful to the public you are going to practice upon."

The toast of the evening was, of course, Trinity Medical College, proposed by Mr. F. Clare, and responded to by Dean Gekkie, Dr. Temple, Dr. Teskey and Dr. Sheard. The Dean once more proved himself a jolly old boy and was patriotically cheered, and it was made plain that the strength of this institution is the "Comrades all" feeling that pervades it from turret to foundation stone. The Dean naturally felt disposed to say a few serious things, but he did not overdo it in the least, and was regarded as a hero for what he resisted.

Mr. E. Worthington proposed Graduates and Undergraduates, to which Mr. C. E. Martin very humorously responded for the Undergraduates and Drs. Gilmour, Bingham, Fish and Gammernan for the Graduates. The toast of Affiliated Institutions was coupled with that of The Press, and Mr. J. A. Worrell, Q.C., answered for Trinity University and Mr. E. E. Sheppard for The Press.

The Learned Professions was proposed by Mr. F. Clare and responded to by Mr. W. D. McPherson, Rev. Mr. Taylor and Mr. Pierson, Dr. R. A. Pyne and Dr. O'Reilly upheld the Toronto General Hospital and the Medical



President George Elliott.

Council, and representatives of other colleges spoke for their various institutions.

Mr. T. D. Sullivan, ex-Lord Mayor of Dublin, was brought in and introduced, accompanied by Hon. J. J. Curran, M.P., and both gentlemen made short and interesting speeches.

Mr. J. H. Daney, the hon. secretary, received a bundle of letters of regret and several telegrams during the progress of the banquet. He read a few of the letters, among which were sincere regrets from his Excellency the Governor-General, his Honor the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, Chancellor Allen, Professor Goldwin Smith, Dr. A. Conan Doyle (who wrote from New York) and Chief Justice Meredith. Mayor Kennedy accepted an invitation, but was prevented from attending.

The officers and committeemen, to whose energy may be credited this the best dinner in the annals of the college, were: Mr. George Elliott, president; Messrs. F. Clare, first vice-president; E. B. Oliver, third vice-president; C. E. Martin, treasurer; J. H. Daney, hon. secretary; George W. Brown, J. B. Leeson, C. E. Doherly, J. B. Wilson, N. Farewell, D. M. Anderson and J. R. Hay. On the dais were: Dean Gekkie, Mr. G. R. R. Cockburn, M.P., Dr. Ryerson, M.P.P., Mr. E. E. Sheppard, Rev. Mr. Taylor, Mr. T. D. Sullivan, M.P., Mr. L. B. McBrady and Mr. J. J. Curran, M.P. Among the three hundred guests were: Dr. Temple, Dr. Trow, Dr. Spillars, Dr. O'Reilly, Dr. Davidson, Dr. Grissett, Dr. Allan Baines, Dr. Sheard, Mr. J. A. Worrell, Q.C., Prof. J. C. Robertson, Dr. Bingham, Mr. Pierson, Dr. Fish, Mr. Wilson, Dr. Fletcher, Dr. Powell, Dr. Fotheringham, Dr. Gilmour, Mr. Kirby, Dr. R. A. Pyne, Dr. Dwyer, Prof. Shuttleworth, Mr. Holmes,

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There were many humorous incidents in the course of the evening, many good stories told and funny spectacles, which, if our artist was not present to delineate, may still, it is said, not be quite lost to posterity. Mr. C. M. Heydon, the natural-born artist, whose talent is the pride of his age, was keenly watched lest he should do some sketching, and whenever he got one hand out of view he was made the general mark for all sorts of missiles. But later on, (at the very best time in fact) he was forgotten for a while and it is understood secured some capital sketches, which will make a public appearance at the At Home next week. In the meantime, to prevent these treasures of art from being destroyed by iconoclasts of '94, he goes about surrounded by a bodyguard, armed with shin-bones and other weapons of defence. The dinner, however, is over.

Was it earth quake or tobacco,
Day of dawn or night of drink?
—Kipling.

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The Buried Treasure of Little York.

An Alleged True Story of Money Secreted where Toronto now Stands—The neighborhood Indicated by a Map still in Existence.

By MARK FRENCH.

FENN—Sibytown, on the 3-d inst., Jared Fenn, in the 93'd year of his age. His end was peace.

This was all that appeared in the *Clarion*, printed and published weekly in the town of Madison and state of Kentucky, in its issue of August 7, 1893.

I knew Jared well. He had always been an old man to me, and by a sort of natural reciprocity Jared always regarded me as a lad. He was a good talker and loved to hear himself talk, but unlike many to whom similar remarks might apply, he was the very embodiment of truth. He seldom even exaggerated for the sake of effect, and I owe him much for the wholesome influence he exerted over myself, given, as I was, to speak of inches as miles, and pounds as tons. "Joe," he would say, with his peculiar drawl and quaver, "ain't you a leetle bit out there?" And I generally was.

Jared's memory was of no account where dates and figures were concerned. If he had bought or sold anything twenty-four hours before I saw him, it was merely a matter of chance whether he said the price was two dollars and fifty cents, or five dollars and twenty cents, or even twenty-five dollars, and this was not because of his extreme age; it was an idiosyncrasy which he declared he had inherited from his mother, who was one fourth Cherokee. But there were a few dates he remembered mechanically; he knew them as he knew his name and other personal facts. He never varied giving the year of his birth as 1795, nor in stating that he was engaged as a soldier during the war of 1812, and it was in connection with his brief military experience here referred to that I learned from him the story which I have called *The Buried Treasure of Little York*.

As boy and man I am sure I have heard Jared tell this a score of times, and almost word for word on each occasion. For many years I was totally unable to locate "Little York" on any Canadian map, and so I informed my ancient friend, whose only reply was to the effect that he "couldn't see through that notion." From time to time I have met Canadians in our Western States, none of whom were able to give me any satisfaction relative to Little York, probably for the reason that most of them were young fellows not long off the farms where they had been born and "raised." If I may be permitted to use an Americanism in SATURDAY NIGHT, last June, however, I was in Los Cruces, New Mexico, and stumbled over a chap named Morton—Charley Morton. In the course of our conversation Charlie informed me that he came from a town called Hogg's Hollow near the City of Toronto, and that the former name of Toronto was York, or Little York. This bit of news "struck me all of a heap," and one beautiful balmy night as both of us were stretched on the Dolores Mesa (or small tableland), too tired to sleep, I repeated to him Jared Fenn's oft-told tale. Next day Charlie Morton made me promise that if ever I got back to the States I would write out old man Fenn's yarn at length and send it for publication to SATURDAY NIGHT, so here goes.

"I was quite a youngster in them days, Joe," Jared would say, "jist risin' seventeen, maybe only sixteen, but that didn't make no difference, and I joined the regiment at Jamestown, in York State. All the riggin' I got was a pair of boots, a soldier's cap and a musket—a rascal old-fashioned hit or miss flint-lock musket—and I kin tell you, Joe, my boy, that them old shootin' irons missed fire jist about as often as they went off. Howsomedeever, to make my story a short un, we got aboard of a schooner and set sail for the Britisher's side of Lake Ontario. Our cannon didn't amount to shucks, but we knowed as they wouldn't have 'em any better at York, and we knowed we could clean out the town. This here schooner was fixed up as much like a man-o'-war as we could fix her, and she looked a mighty sight more fiercer than she was, for I could shove the blade of my jack-knife right up to the handle in her timbers. Well, as I was sayin', we got to York. The other craft was ahead of us, for we sailed powerful slow, but we got within three or four miles of 'em, or it might have bin more or less, one night about ten o'clock. Our cap'n was wunst a sailor with Paul Jones, the wild Scotch pirate that played the mischief with the Britishers on the Atlantic Ocean durin' the Revolution, and he was jist as full of Old Nick as you ever see a man. Says he to my chum an' me, and some more chaps, that night about twelve o'clock, says he, 'You boys' off ther is all turned in pretty much; suppose we take a boat and go ashore for a lark? I kin fix the sentries so they won't hear nor see nothin', and we kin be back here in an hour or two.'

"We all allowed we'd go, and we went, but as for me, I never seed that there ship no more. We swooped around the shore past a hull lot of houses that we knowed was houses because we could see the lights in 'em, and we got so close to the land we could hear the folks a talkin' and a cussin' as they was hurryin' up to get all their effects away afore we would open fire on 'em next day. I allus thought it was Cap'n Black's idee to get around a tavern and clean out all the rum for the use of the boys aboard. Anyhow, we was a headin' for what looked a likely spot, everyone on us starin' towards the houses, when all of a suddint up came a boat in our rear and somebody wanted to know who we was and what the blazes we wanted here. Well, Joe, what does Cap'n Black do, but jist says back 'a if he owned Canada and a chunk of Mexico, and first thing we knowed we was all prisoners—well, not quite exactly that, for we showed fight, you better believe, and in the midst of it I got throwed into the water with this 'ere cut you see right across my brow. Thinks I to myself, tinks I, 'This situation ain't no wasser than a-bein' in that bog', if I kin only git ashore, and so I headed for land, my lad, and afore I made ten, or twenty, perhaps fifty or a hundred strokes, I could tech the bottom, and I jist walked off. Of course I was wet. Yes, durnt it, here's a nice pickle I'm in! What the doose am I to do if I come across a Canajan sojer f

So I headed off from the houses and walked for about half an hour or an hour, maybe more and maybe less, until I got to the woods behind York. My head was tied up with my handkerchief, and I hadn't lost so much blood as you'd a think, and it didn't give me an awful sight of pain nuther, so I jist lay down to have a snooze. In an hour or two, or four or five hours, I can't say, I heard folks a-trampin' and a-talkin', as though they come through the woods, and I was as stiff as a gate post, so that I couldn't git out of the way fast enough. 'Ste'd of aildin' off I managed to crawl up a small pine tree—they was mostly all pines 'round there, I remember—and I jist so: there a-listenin'. The men came closter and closter, until I could hear every blessed word they said. Says one man, 'Here's the hole,' but in coorse I couldn't see no hole. 'Yes,' says another, 'this is the hole, but I guess it ain't deep enough. I didn't think the chist was so big as that ar.' 'Git your shovels, boys,' says a third man, 'and dig like the d—, at least two feet deeper, for them infernal Yankee brutes 'd ruther hev these 'ere than all the rest of York.' Two or three men kep' a-diggin' and two more of 'em was a-leanin' up agin my tree jist lookin' on; they was the bosses, and one of 'em says to the other, says he, 'How much did you count, Major?' says he; and the chap called the Major said, 'Two thousand pounds, forbye the silver things.' Now, Joe, my boy, you know I ain't a dab at mindin' numbers and sich, but this 'ere's one I can swear to, because I took out my clasp-knife and cut off the second button from the top of my waist, so I couldn't make no mistake by the time daylight come, and as soon as I could see, I scratched it with the blade on a small stone—this 'ere's the identical stone as I've carried for goin' on how many years. Yes, I guess you're about right, Joe—eighty-one years—and you can see a "2," and three "oughts" pretty plain on it yit.

"When the diggin' was done the box was put down in the hole, tho' I didn't see it, 'cos the branches was too thick, and the night was too dark, but I could hear the men breathin' pretty hard when they was a-lifting the dust, and when the hole was filled up, the Major says, 'Scatter them pine leaves all over the place, and don't show no signs of new earth, for them d—d Yankees has eyes and noses like foxes.' By this time I was nearly droppin' off that tree and I was mighty glad when them fellows marched away, I tell you. Then I got down and made a blaze on the bark with my knife, and went off a good bit to see if I could sleep. 'Fore clear daylight I was up again, a-prowlin' 'round half-stoopid, for my head was givin' me some trouble. A bit away, I came across wag on tracks, where the men had brought the dust as far as they could owin' to the trees, and when I couldn't see no one around I went back to find the tree I was in, and I found it, but save my neck if I could find the exck spot the chist was in, but I knowed it to a few feet. 'Now,' says I to myself, 'now, Jared Fenn, here's your fortin'. All you hev to do is jist to bring Cap'n Black and his men along, and you'll get half the information, and off I went towards the water to look for Cap'n Black. I hadn't went fur afore I met a man, and him and me got a-talkin'. I found he lived not a long ways off, and he said the bush I left was jist about three quarters of a mile from the bay, and about three hundred yards from the main road runnin' north. I allowed that this was pretty reliable information for me, but in coorse I didn't tell him that.

"Well, Joe, my boy, shortly after this we got to the town of York, and blame my stars if I hadn't quite forgot; I had on an American sojer's hat, and as I couldn't reasonably account for how I got it 'thout tellin' a downright lie, I was jugged that day, and sent down next mornin' to Montreal, and I'm mighty glad I was, for my head got pretty bad and throwed me into a ragin' fever, so I had to hang on to my bed for six weeks.

"What makes me think the chist is there yit? Jist hold on, my boy, until I'm through. When I got well agin I went back to York. It took me three weeks, mostly a-foot, for the towns is more than three hundreds miles apart, perhaps five hundred, even seven, but anyhow they're a long ways from one another and I wasn't very strong. Howsomedeever, I got there, and what's more, nobody knowed me, and I went to the spot, and I put down a prod, and I could feel it agin the top of the chist as plain as that," and Jared tapped my knee with the tips of his fingers. "And that ain't all nuther," he continued, "for I heard that the Major was killed the day arter the chist was buried, also three of the men, and the other two was took off to a place called Pangishene, or some sich name, where they died, or was kilt or something. Nobody knew exactly what happened to 'em, but they was dead. Two or three years after-wards I went to the place agin, and every-thing was all right, but I hardly knowed the spot on 'count of the land gettin' cleared. The owner of the place seed me a-lookin' 'round, and from what he said I'm pretty sure he didn't hev no suspicions about things, and I don't believe nobody ever knowed about that chist 'ceptin' them as buried it. In fac', I think they was thieves themselves a-takin' of an advantage when folks was in trouble on account of Americans agoin' to bang their town all to flinders.

"I allus meant to go and dig for that chist, but a gentleman told me wunst that all that was bush was cleaned up and streets was made for a mile to the north, and so I guess Old Srap him-self couldn't find the place unless by accident, but see here, Joe, somebody 'll find that there chist some day, mark my words, and then you'll remember that Jared wasn't home buggin' you."

"Snce writing the foregoing in Denver two months ago, I have returned to my old home, the long-time residence of the old man Fenn, and have been handed by his executor a letter left by him addressed to me. In this document he urges me in a sentence to go to York and look for "the chist." He also

supplies a rudely drawn plan of the lake shore and the place in which the "chist" was buried. Of course it would be folly to make any such attempt at this date. I may say, however, that I have not only carefully examined the rough drawing, but I have compared it with a plan of the present city of Toronto, which I procured eight or ten days ago, and I have been impressed with a belief that Jared Fenn's chest, or rather the chest that Jared Fenn saw, or heard, buried, lies not far from where Dalhousie street touches Wilton avenue.

So thoroughly do I believe this, if a strong impression can be called a belief, that I have resolutely determined never to visit your city, as I am certain I should bring myself into discredit by my attention to this portion of it. Presumably houses are closely built in the quarter referred to, and it may be difficult to believe that if the treasure was buried anywhere within the present city limits no trace of it should have been found long ago. Still, it is not at all impossible, even taking into account all sorts of excavations for gas, water and sewer-pipes, that an area large enough to hold such a "chist" as Fenn spoke about, should remain undisturbed, either in a street or in somebody's yard or garden.

In my ignorance relative to the history of Toronto, it is not improbable that the discovery of Jared Fenn's "dust" has been made long ago. If so, I shall take it as a favor if anyone will be good enough to communicate the facts to me, as I am anxious to justify my old friend's memory and recital.

I may add that he sometimes informed me as to the size of the chest, judging by the result of his prodding. When giving its dimensions he held out his hands about two feet apart for the length and a little less than that for the width.

No doubt many people will regard this as an improbable story, something altogether unlike such events as happened at the taking of York. This must at once be conceded, but at the same time it will be readily acknowledged that from the very nature of the case it must be so. I am sure, too, that it will bring the ridicule of many readers on my head when I inform them that three times I have dreamt about the Fenn incident inside of two weeks, and on each occasion I awoke with the conviction that the spot was in the locality I have named.

The Gutter Press of Toronto.

The editors of our local daily newspapers will do well to invest in this week's edition of the *New York society paper, Town Topics*. Therein they will find an article which, for them all, may "point a moral and adorn a tale."

Those of us in touch with New York matters are certain by this time to know the story of the Astors and the tramp. The writer of the article in point ridicules most justly the manner in which New York papers, one and all, while suffering from what he terms a prolonged attack of hysteria and delirium tremens, have exhausted themselves over an incident which might, with more dignity, have been dismissed in five or six lines. This leads him to a concise and finely written reflection upon the frivolous tone and the utter absence of nobility of thought or literary beauty which characterize nearly all the present daily papers. That literature whose price places it within the reach of the poorest and most ignorant (therefore most easily influenced), is used as a chain to drag them further down instead of a chord to raise them higher. Column after column is filled with news of vice and immorality in its most sickening form, or with light and silly personal gossip, while the doings of the political world and the workings of great men's minds find place in some out-of-the-way corner. The cry of the editors is, "We must live, and to live we must write for the masses (i.e., we must write down to their level)." This is a terrible cry. Is it a true one? If so, how comes it that according to the editor of a contemporary English journal, a splendidly successful paper, not in any way of an exclusively religious character, exists in Paris, of all places, into whose columns no word of news that could not be read by your daughters ever found place?

Why do our thoughts turn, in Toronto, to this subject just now? Well, it was a mere coincidence, but a curious one, that on the same day were published this very *Town Topics* and an edition of a certain evening paper here which gave two whole columns and five headlines on its fourth page to a very petty quarrel



DISEASED LUNGS CURED BY TAKING AYER'S Cherry Pectoral.

"I contracted a severe cold, which settled on my lungs, and I did what is often done in such cases, neglected it. I then consulted a doctor, who found, on examining me, that the upper part of the left lung was badly affected. The medicines he gave me did not seem to do any good, and I determined to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. After taking a few doses my trouble was relieved, and before I had finished the bottle I was cured."

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between a lady who kept a boarding-house and some ladies who boarded with her, entering into every uninteresting detail of this uninteresting matter, and all, forsooth, because it happened in a fashionable quarter, instead of on Center street, as one might have expected. Two columns to this, and a few lines, squeezed between advertisements, upon the death of Princess Bismarck. Then, on looking at our morning papers for foreign news, we find that there has not been very much space for it, owing to the absorbing matter of a young man's murder which, having been worn threadbare, is now revived with the confession of a girl whose habits are alluded to in the coarsest terms. Apropos of this last, mothers, you may as well unlock your bookcase and give your daughters the family medical book, for that which you keep from them they can read in the newspaper. O! Roger L'Estrange and Renardot, first journalists of England and France, how little you guessed that your little pebbles would gather and gather till they grew to mountains of strength and of influence, mighty to exalt or debase, to ennoble or degrade, to beautify or to vilify, to sow good, or sow evil!

Editors! Can you not see if these things will change? If papers cannot be purified and elevated without a pecuniary loss; if the cheap sensational reporter cannot be allowed more rest, and the foreign correspondent, the educational writer be given more work; if religion, science, literature, art and the affairs of the great outer world cannot be advanced to the place of honor now assigned to details of vice and shame and light gossip, while these on their part are forced to recede to the outer edge.

Depend upon it, when this happens, the world at large will be the better for it.
Toronto, Dec. 4. Mrs. B.

An Historical Scene.

There was a supreme rejoicing in the camp of the French army, which had but that day been led to victory by their great chieftain, Joan of Arc, and which was now encamped upon ground won at overwhelming odds from a heretofore successful opponent. The celebration of their victory was carried on with delirious ardor. Patriotism, greed and wine, all contributed to arouse the wild enthusiasm which the soldiers exhibited. Forgetful of their exhaustion, they rushed from camp-fire to camp-fire, and again and again drained bumpers to Joan, the great captain—the saviour of France!

There was one group of huge fighting men, each of whom bore one or more of blood-stained bandages, among whom the rejoicing was of the highest. Yet in this group was one who sat silent.

Presently his abstraction (for he seemed deep in thought) was noticed.

One of his fellows fetched him a mighty stroke on his broad shoulder and cried, "Ho! thou dreamer! Art so soon befuddled with a drop of wine?"

Another cried, "He fain would dream of the sheep he once did tend. Perchance he wished many times this day that he was still amongst them."

"Not so, thou prattler!" interrupted a third; "my soul would be burning now had he not been in the fight. Come, comrade," and the speaker turned to the silent one; "drink a toast with me to our great leader. Didst not see how she fought, man?"

"Aye, marry, I did!" slowly answered the other. "I saw her fight. Aye, I saw her fight! And when she was a shepherd maid, I strove to wed her. Aye, I marked me well how she did fight!" And he arose and strolled away, that he might be alone with his thoughts.—Puck.

High Life in High Latitudes.

A newly wedded Esquimaux couple lived in a glittering little ice cottage in the far North. It was a crystal palace. The building was by Frost, the best architect of the Arctic Circle. Though the Esquimaux and his bride lived far from the great world, they enjoyed many of the conveniences and luxuries of modern life. "Snowball cottage" and its extensive grounds were illuminated at night by electric lights. The Esquimaux wife wore furs and was accustomed to get a new sealskin sacque every month. The cottage floor was ornamented by real polar bear skins as rugs. The tableware was for the most part ivory, contributed by the walrus. As for delicate articles of food, the family could have ices almost every day in the year. For diversion they had an excellent toboggan slide down the side of a glacier.

They owned extensive fishing privileges and a game preserve of almost boundless extent. In the Esquimaux preserves there was almost every kind of game, from an elder duck to a frozen mammoth. They possessed also an amount of crystal ice which the Manhattan Ice Company would look upon as a source of great wealth. But they were chiefly rich in the possession of many dogs.

On frosty nights the Esquimaux used to harness up his six-in-hand dog cutter and take his bride flying across the country under the *aurora borealis*, on a white road, as wide as the continent, that stretched to the North Pole. The *aurora borealis* was much cheaper, neater, and more brilliant than wax candles. It was also safer than gas, for you couldn't blow it out. They used to go to bed by it. They employed it to light up their demesne and crystal cottage. It had merits which advertisers attribute to all lights—it was beautiful and cheap.

The happy Esquimaux couple was blessed

with a son. People in more favored latitudes often talk about precious children. He was the most precious child anyone ever heard of. He cut his teeth when he was only a day and a half old. At the age of twenty-one days he was a grown man. Of course a day and a night in the Arctic regions are fifty-two weeks long, but this should not be permitted to detract from a pleasant story of infant precocity.—Puck.

Generous Little Freddy.

"Freddy," said Mrs. Gazam to her little boy, about eleven o'clock on Christmas morning, "you ought to be a very happy boy with all these presents that have been sent you."

"Yes'm," replied Freddy, as he pounded his new drum with heavy whacks.

"There are a great many little boys who haven't even a single present to-day."

"Is that so?" asked Freddy. And he gave his watchman's rattle an exulting twist.

"In the hospital on the next street, Freddy, there are lots of children—poor, sick children, too—who haven't any cousins and uncles and aunts and grand-parents to send them nice things."

"I'm sorry for them," said Freddy. And he blew a blast on a shrill horn to display the extent of his sorrow.

"So am I sorry for them, Freddy. Now, would you like to send them something to show what a generous, dear little fellow mamma's boy is?"

"I s'pose so," replied Freddy in a hesitating tone.

"I thought my little man would want to. He'll feel so glad that he has given pleasure to the poor, sick little boys and girls. Shall I make up a bundle? You really have a great many more toys than you want."

"Yes, mamma."

"Very well. I'll send that big tin horn that your Uncle Tom brought you this morning, and that drum that grandpa told Santa Claus to put in your stocking, and the watchman's rattle that Aunt Sam sent from Oshkosh, and the mouth-organ that you found in your stocking, and that accordion that came from the Wigginses, and the kazoo that Uncle William bought for you."

Freddy demurred a little, but his generosity was at stake.

His noise-makers were bundled off to the hospital, and then Freddy's mamma lay down to take a little nap and get out of her ears the din that had been gathering there since day-break.—William Henry Switzer in Puck.

It Worked Both Ways.

An old Welsh tailor being sued by the rector for tithes, and being told these were for preaching in church, said, "I've nothing to give thee, for I never come to hear thee."

"Oh, but you could come whenever you like," said the rector; "the doors are always open."

Next day the parson threatened further proceedings, whereupon the tailor took him a bill for forty shillings.

"For what do I owe you this money?"

"For tallorin'."

"For tallorin'!" exclaimed the rector. "Why, I never was tallored by you in my life."

"Oh, but thou might'st have come and been tallored any day thou did'st like, for my doors, like thine, are always open."—Exchange.

Some folks love equality so well that the success of others makes them miserable.

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Books and Authors.

The Female in the Current Year's Fiction.

IT SEEMS tolerably well established that Woman misunderstands herself whenever she becomes self-conscious and attempts to follow her reason rather than conform to the rule of life prescribed for her. Woman has towered large of late in books, and none of these volumes have made more noise than Marcella and the heroine in A Yellow Aster. These two females may be taken as types of the whole hatching. Of course Mrs. Humphrey Ward and Iota were each moved in the first instance by the professional desire to write a successful book. To accomplish a good was an after-consideration, more or less strong, no doubt. But these books have been taken seriously and the reception accorded them is more important than the writing of them. The woman of the year in fiction may be said to differ from her sex, as we know it in and out of fiction, in the one respect that she has had her heart buried beneath a pile of rubbish of one sort or another until half her life has been wasted. Marcella is a vain young woman with a perverse readiness in argument, yet with the universal woman's inability to grasp the force of the facts that are opposed to her. She has, too, that most exasperating of all female faults, an inability to realize the good faith of those whom she cannot convert to her view of things. She has skimmed the surface of the great social problems, and with remarkable keenness has noted every minute detail that appears upon the surface, but the things of weight that have not floated on the surface she denies, as having no existence. Reburn is the real philosopher, the real reformer, for he is a profound thinker. Marcella is a female counterpart of the demagogic editor of the *Labour Clarion*, the superficial thinker and self-seeker, who fascinates by his glitter. She cannot even penetrate the transparency of this rapid man, and the two vain creatures gloat over themselves in each other, until the man commits himself, showing the value of himself and the valuation he sets upon her. Even his insulting kiss does not in her eyes take on its proper aspect until long after, when she has got rid of her rubbishy politico-social economy and has become a woman. The demagogue is not to blame. Marcella in flatterer herself in his company, flattered him, until she brought just judgment upon herself. She carries through life the soil of an unclean kiss. Her whole conduct towards the admirable Reburn is unworthy and shallow, and how she can retain his respect, and how their marriage can prove anything but disappointing, I do not see. A woman who has shown so much self-will and has neglected the ordinary decencies towards the man she afterwards marries, may abandon her immediate aims when she sees she can accomplish nothing, but her nature must remain always much the same. And how does it all end? Reburn gets a wife from whom the charm has largely been rubbed away; she enters a union for which she has not been prepared by anticipation, and is forced to content herself in a sphere which she has long trained herself to regard as ignoble. Judging from her youth we may predict a pretty hot time for Reburn when his wife gets to be fifty years of age and harsh featured. Her unlovely nature will reassert itself, and she will be the disturber of social forms, the image-breaker, the terror of the county families. Gwendoline Waring, too, in the *Yellow Aster*, has probably not developed a heart that will last through her life. Moss will again gather upon it, and at fifty she will not be one of those grand dames who are the pride of England. The old child will creep over her. But her husband at fifty will be a club-man, enjoying his cigar and his wine, making the round of the picture galleries and the artists' studios and presiding as chairman of committees of the Geographical Society. He will put up with no nonsense, but poor Reburn at fifty, with the shrew Marcella, him I pity! My best hope is that he may have a lock on his library door and that here he may retire among his books and have his meals surreptitiously conveyed to him by some faithful old family servant. His marriage will end thus unless sooner ended by divorce. Whether one is considering the heroine of a novel or considering a real flesh-and-blood girl, it is wise for a young man to ask himself, "How will this person wear?" Before marriage a young man should study the girl whom he has in view and ask himself, "What sort of an old lady will she develop into? How would I like to be her father and have her mother tied to me? Of course she would not be at fifty the same woman as her mother, but very likely her leading characteristics will be the same. And as a man can never study a woman very well I'll not scrutinize the mother. I'll size up the father and see if the old chap is made comfortable at home." This process might multiply the number of bachelors but—so be it.

The entanglement of Marcella with the shallow demagogue of the *Labour Clarion* is the most significant incident in the book, for it appears to be a natural law that even women of sense are senseless in this vital respect. Napoleon was one of the greatest of men and for his smile thousands of women would have sacrificed honor and even life, yet Josephine, proud and vain, treated with coldness the man of destiny, left his letters unanswered and went from town to town revelling in the honors which she, as his wife, enjoyed. Napoleon was then first consul and conducting glorious campaigns in Italy and Egypt, yet amidst his triumphs he wrote the most abject letters to this woman, beseeching her to write and to display some interest in his career. Still she went from ball to ball and held her receptions, calmly ascribing to her charms the attention paid her on account of her husband's genius. So far as she was but a type of a very prevalent woman. She was proud to drag at her chariot wheels the greatest man of the day, and to evince no sympathy for his heart-bunger was a practice that pleased her vanity. But in her bravado she went too far, and dishonored the greatest man in history, and was divorced. Napoleon went astray too, not wantonly, I think, but in bitterness of spirit. Too late, Josephine, woman-like, awoke to her folly. Before the di-

voice she sought to reawaken the love she in her vanity had driven from her, and after the divorce she conducted herself in a way that makes her seem a pathetic figure, a picture of devotion. Josephine, without her actual sin, is as common as any other type of woman. The wife who has a husband's love treats it, too often, as a matter of course and puts it to every test vanity can devise or thoughtlessness occasion; the woman who has not her husband's love is more often than not, his white slave, his spaniel, finding caresses even in his kicks. Josephine has been called an enigma. I am a reader of enigmas. She was a woman.

The woman of the year in fiction has a higher ideal, we are told, than the woman of everyday life. She is superior, we are asked to believe. Then after a career of effort she fails in all her undertakings and marries like her sisters do, so mellowed, apparently, by defeat, that she makes as good a wife as though she were not superior to her kind. By a divine and natural law woman is handicapped in life, and every past and present social arrangement is based upon a recognition of this handicap. In lieu of it, woman is ordinarily exempted from the other burdens of existence. Allowances are made for her. Wherever possible man steps in and finds other trials and sufferings from her. But lo! in this year of grace we find her clamoring for equality, for emancipation. She carries the curse of Eve, yet feels injured that we do not let her share in the curse of Adam. This has been granted to some women, and they are not those who advocate "emancipation." I saw a picture the other day of D. L. Moody's mother, and I venture to say she is as content with her life-work as Marcella, even if successful, would have been. And a thousand such mothers could be called in evidence.

In explaining how he arrived at certain conclusions in regard to a man's habits, history and sphere in life from the mere examination of a hat found upon the road, Sherlock Holmes states that he knew the man to be intellectual because the hat was above the usual size. The contention that the size of one's head has anything to do with one's ability is disputed by all men whose heads are of the average size or under. If they had large heads they would not dispute the claim, and thus it appears that, lacking in bulk of head, they lack perception in this one matter, hence may be lacking in many respects. Prof. A. H. Welch of Parkdale, who is rapidly becoming famous in phrenology, states in his circular that "everyone who has a brain or head over 2½ inches in circumference should show ability in some useful sphere of life." Here, then, we have Sherlock Holmes and an expert phrenologist stating that the circumference of a man's head bears an immediate relation to his ability. It is high time that large-headed men framed some fitting retort to that saw, "Big head, little wit," which envious pin-headed men have been throwing at them time out of mind.

I was pleased this week to hear from New York that The Untempered Wind, by Miss Joanna E. Wood of Queenston, Ont., has already reached its fifth edition and is admittedly one of the selling successes of the year.

Canada: Its Climate and Advantages as a Place of Settlement for Anglo-Indians, is an instructive little pamphlet from the pen of F. R. S. Barlee, Lakeside, Ont. It is intended to induce Anglo-Indians to settle in Ontario.

W. R. WYE.

Woman's Art Club Exhibition.

THE Woman's Art Club of Canada opened a fall sketch exhibition in their rooms, Canada Life Building, Toronto, on Saturday last with a private view. The exhibition will remain open for a week, closing this (Saturday) evening. Among those present last Saturday afternoon at the private view—and the studio was crowded from 1 to 5 p.m.—I noticed: His Honor the Lieutenant Governor and Mrs. Kirk-



"My love," he said, and parted back her hair.
That tossed in golden mists above her eyes;
"Ask me no more, but hear me while I swear—
You, you alone, I love. Will that suffice?"
I have had fancies—yes—like other men—
Your blood is swift, and youth's warm dreaming roves—
My heart at last is fixed. Ah! spare me then
These questions as to other, earlier loves!
"It is not for you, whose innocent young heart
Still hears the music of your childhood's chimes,
To understand."
[She stopped him with a start.
"Don't go so fast. I've been engaged four times!"
Madeline St. Bridges.

patrick, Prof. Chapman, Prof. Davidson, Mrs. Dickson Paterson, Mr. Porteous of Montreal, Mr. Hemming, Mrs. R. F. McMaster, Miss Stively, Mrs. Reginald Denison, Miss Heaton, Miss Dalton, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Holman, Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Carter, Mrs. Hillyard Cameron, Mrs. Shirley Denison, Mr. and Mrs. Dignam, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Fullerton, Mrs. H. H. Humphrey, Mrs. D. E. Thomson, Mrs. Wiloughby Cummings, Mrs. Beauchamp, Mrs. Hastings, Miss Bull, Mrs. Gregory, Miss Christie, Mrs. and Miss Ogden, Mrs. Howard, Mrs. Price-Brown, Mrs. E. Elliott, Mrs. Scadding, Mrs. Bryce, Miss Fannie Sutherland, Miss Jeffery of London, Mr. and Miss Martin, Miss Violet Towner, Miss Massie, Miss McKenzie, Miss Mitchell, Mrs. T. H. Rand, Mr. Denison, Mrs. J. K. Fairbairn, and Mrs. Lillie. Among the noted exhibitors are: Mrs. Rhoda Holmes Nicholls of New York and Miss Emma Lampart of Rochester, (both medalists at the World's Fair last year), Mrs. E. M. Scott, secretary of the New York Water Color Club, Mrs. McCall of Buffalo, Miss Houghton of Paris, Miss Grayson-Smith, Exeter, England, Miss Carolin, New York, and Miss N. V. Waldeck, Cleveland, Ohio. Montreal sends the work of a number of lady artists; London, Bradford, St. Thomas, Cobourg, Cincinnati, Cleveland, and Simcoe are represented, while Toronto artists are out in strong force. Mrs. Dignam's lilacs and roses and out-of-door sketches, Mrs. Reid's Interior of Studio, Mrs. M. J. Hemsted's Evening, Mrs. Rand's Sketches of the Minas Basin, Miss Spurr's Tangle of Golden Rod, Miss Palin's and Miss Clarke's clever pen and ink sketches, Miss McConnell's portrait sketch of O. R. Jacob, the veteran president of the R.C.A., Miss Gormley's Rocks, bathed in roseate hues, Mrs. Schrieber's and Miss Windeat's contributions, Miss Tully's wood carving, Mrs. Elliott's figure sketches, Miss Massie's and Miss Bertha Williams' Flower Studies, Mrs. Johnston's impressionist sketch of Mother and Child, Mrs. Claffen's Wheatfields, Miss Paul's Gray Day, and many other works of the fifty-seven exhibitors speak well for the inspiration which the Woman's Art Association has been, and is, to the women artists of Canada, and for the interest which is taken in it by eminent women artists who are foreigners but honorary members of the society.

The exhibition closes to-day at five p.m. and should attract a wide art-loving public.

Correspondence Coupon

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Columns. Replies are not accompanied by coupons are not studied.

FRANKLIN GIBBY.—(Aug. 14.) You forgot to enclose a coupon.

TYNE.—This is an impulsive, uncontrolled and energetic nature, quick in thought and given to idealize people and things. It has the fault of inexperience, and lacks culture, but it is very individual and promises great things.

FAN.—You have signed what is perhaps your full name, so use the name of the poem about which you enquire. I know the name of the author but can not inform you. I fancy you could easily guess. Sorry your letter has only just been opened.

GRAY-PACK.—Take a Turkish bath. If you tell the bath attendant just what your trouble is, she will give you special massage for it. In my own case the cure was pleasant, speedy and complete. Let me know if you are also the sufferer, some day soon. 2. Certainly, ask a good hair-dresser.

FAVORT.—You are very consistent and firm in purpose, lacking finish of character, and totally devoid of tact. I think perhaps these latter are the faults of youth and will, with other small blemishes, disappear with the march of time. You are true, affectionate, somewhat careless of details and have good reasoning powers and some discretion in speech.

ZANDA.—This is a bright and breezy study, showing quickness of perception, with a well trained mind and rather an independent method. It should be the writing of a man pretty well adapted to business and apt to be a success, also of a genial and amiable disposition, with



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plenty of buoyancy, humor, and wit—what is generally termed a right good sort.

FAVORY.—You have the most hard common sense of the three, Miss Hebebaron. You are constant, practical, and an observant reasoner. You have good self-esteem and are not liable to be controlled by impulse. At the same time, you are inclined to be commonplace at times. You have some humor and have not outgrown your ideal. I think you would make a very good friend.

WALDO.—There is no doubt it is your first effort. Your writing is plainly the confession of an unformed character. You are, however, promising to be a charming woman. A few of your good points are very evident. Among them, honesty, self-respect, sympathy and a good promise of tact are shown. You have good strong persistence and a youthful tendency to think overmuch of your favorite.

HYMN.—Don't worry about your writing, nor yet what your father and brothers think about it. It is not in the least their concern; and really there isn't the least reason why they should abuse it, for it is a very promising and presentable hand. If it fetches you out half as fine a character as that of the highborn lady to whose you liken it, your male relatives will perform a back seat. I think I'll wait a little before I study it, but I can assure you it is a very good specimen.

A SCHOOL-GIRL.—If a happy disposition is evolved from a fixed decision to make the best of everything, I think I may claim one, but anyone can have the same at the same price. 2. The reason your writing varies in the way you state is that your character is not yet steadfastly settled. It has promise of much excellence, showing marked ability, ambition, some susceptibility, a practical nature, discreet and generous, some sense of beauty, decided talent for some elevating pursuit, it may be music.

FLAVIA.—You are self-assertive, a little too sensitive and somewhat impatient. I fancy small things would cause friction to your nerves. Your mind lacks discipline and repose, but you have some charming traits. I think you need to cultivate the faculty of pleasing others, and to endeavor to round off the corners of your character. It is unduly angled just now. Self-respect, truth and a good mixture of frankness and discretion are shown. You cling unduly to your own ideas, and lack buoyancy and sympathy.

J. W. M.—1. You have my heartiest congratulations on the fact that you came through such a storm in the good condition your study assures me of. What did she wig you for? I am consumed with curiosity. 2. Your writing shows self-will, impulse, good-temper, mighty imagination, very bright and vivacious manner, warmth of feeling, sensitive and sympathetic nature, appreciation of beauty, indiscretion in speech. When I feel as if all the four winds of heaven were blowing around me at once as I look at your signature. Is your mind any easier?

ROBERT, THE BUTCH.—There are two of you on hand this week, very different, however, in every particular. Are the enclosed lines a quotation? Whether or no, in your own case they serve as a study, for your traits are marked enough to show in an addition sum. 2. You are very firm and decided in purpose and will, somewhat cranky on some points, with a perverse and pessimistic mood which is never far away. You are of quiet manner, and practical rather than visionary. You are probably a clerk, orderly and methodical. You have much love for beautiful things, but are not very amenable to the influence of emotion, nor have you strong leaning to the opposite sex. A forcible, self-willed and sometimes obtuse nature, with much reliable and sterling principle and incapable of a mean action.

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THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUNDE SHEPPARD - - Editor

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The Drama

ABOUT four years ago Max O'Rell visited this city and those who heard him then have not yet forgotten him; his present coming was judiciously advertised and the whole thing managed in Mr. Suckling's best style, and it followed that on Monday night at Massey Music Hall the gifted Frenchman was greeted by an unusually large and appreciative audience. Rev. Prof. Clark of Trinity occupied the chair, and did not forget that M. Blouet was the attraction of the evening. Max O'Rell is a purdy little man with a most delicate gift of humor, a flexibility of countenance that would make him famous in pantomime, and an accent in his English that does not detract from, but inexpressibly heightens, the effect of his humor. His subject was The Fables of John Bull, Sandy and Pat, and we never knew until Monday night how admirable and how odd are the characteristics of the British people in its three branches. John Bull, the speaker said, thinks the earth was made for him. The Frenchman will boast that his is the greatest nation on earth, but he says it argumentatively, expecting contradiction. John Bull won't argue the matter. He contentedly assumes that the earth was made for him, and he does not need to bother about a self-evident fact. This is what exasperates other nationalities; John regards the matter as not even debatable and smiles upon those who show a disposition to argue. Individually John Bull's word is his bond; collectively, well, to put it mildly, he is a shrewd diplomatist. The Frenchman fights for glory, the German fights for a living, the Russian to divert attention from his home troubles, but John Bull fights to broaden trade, to enlarge his commerce and to send his Bible into the dark places of the earth. He is the evangelist and the Christianizer among nations. He cannot bear to see savages in a state of darkness, so he goes among them with his ship and his Bible. It doesn't take long to redeem the heathen; he gets their land, but leaves with them copies of his Bible. And so the good work goes on. When John visits France and sees an old ruin, he does not content himself with viewing its beauties as a Frenchman would; he climbs up and over it, examines every nook, pokes his head out of the tower window and seems likely to break his neck a dozen times, when he comes down you will find, if you have not watched him, that he has stuck his flag into the top of the ruined wall. This is his weakness and he can't help it. John is thorough in everything. He chooses his own time for a battle. If he isn't ready he does not make a fool of himself by fighting hopelessly. He gets ready and then makes the other side fight, whether they are ready or not. If a Frenchman and an Englishman meet they must talk in English. John knows that a man talking in a foreign language is ridiculous, and he prefers that the other man should be ridiculous. Self-confidence, not to say cheek, is the one ruling characteristic of John Bull. In illustrating this, Max O'Rell produced a letter, the writer of which expressed a warm appreciation of his (the speaker's) books and asked that autograph copies of all his works be given to this admirer. "That's all. Nothing else in the envelope," said the speaker significantly. I sincerely hope this did not occur in Toronto, but I have my suspicions. This John Bull characteristic crops out here very often.

Next came Sandy, whom the speaker claimed had the keenest gift of humor in the world. Sydney Smith once said that you could not get a joke into a Scotchman's head without a surgical operation—this is true no doubt of English jokes. This joke of Sydney Smith's is a good one, and the English know a good thing when they see it, so they keep it up on the Scotchman. Once when the speaker lost his way in a Scotch town he got a laborer to guide him aright. They crossed a graveyard for a short cut and Max sneezed and expressed a fear that he had caught a cold. "Aye, mon," said the Scot, "but I dinna doot there's mony hereabouts that wadna object tae ha'ing your cough." He testified that Dickens, Sir Walter Scott, Henry Irving and others found Scottish audiences the most critical and appreciative in the world, and, speaking for himself, he found Edinburgh ahead of any other city in this respect. "Perhaps barring Toronto," he slyly added. He said that if two Scotchmen were shipwrecked on one end of an uninhabited island in mid ocean, and two Englishmen on the other, and you should go back to them in two years, you would find that the two Englishmen had not spoken to each other because they were not introduced, while at the other end of the island you would find that the two Scotchmen had started a Caledonian Society. Scotchmen have large flat feet, and when they plant themselves anywhere you cannot drive them back. People wonder why the Scot wears kilts. The reason is simple enough. It would be impossible for him to get those feet through the legs of a pair of trousers.

As for Pat, he had no humor, but wit of the readiest kind. He also supplied the world with Hibernianisms, and an Hibernianism consists of two perfectly rational ideas mixed up until they form one utterly ludicrous idea.

Ireland has given the British Empire some of her greatest orators, poets, soldiers. "Once," said the speaker, "I was in the town of Sydney when John Redmond was making a tour of Australia in the Home Rule cause. After the great agitator had ceased speaking, the chairman, a mild and gentlemanly old Irishman, arose and asked if anyone present desired to ask any questions. A hot-headed Anti-Parnellite at once jumped to his feet and rushed to the platform, where a large group of Parnellites were seated. He waved his arms and started in furiously. He had only said 'Gentlemen, we—' when a big man on the platform jumped up and struck the new-comer a terrific blow on the temple, knocking him insensible. The wildest excitement resulted and the din was terrific, while the victim was gathered up, carried out and removed to the hospital. The chairman advanced to the table, rapped gently for order, but pandemonium reigned for ten minutes or so. At last, however, he could be heard, and in his mild voice asked, 'Gentlemen, is there anyone else who would like to—'

Max O'Rell, we are told, is about to quit the lecturing business and will cease to write about John Bull and his colonies. He prefers returning to France and trying his hand at play-making. Really it was scarcely necessary for him to say so in words. John Bull & Co., his latest book, prepares us for this. He is severe in it upon Australia especially, and the book throughout lacks that kindly tone peculiar to the man who has more lectures to give and more books to sell. That he puts his future trust in France is also indicated by the pains he is at in every possible corner of the volume to say nice things about Paris and his compatriots generally. In John Bull and His Island, in which, by the way, most of his anecdotes of Monday night first made their appearance, and in another of his earlier books, he gave John Bull rather the best of it, in comparison with his kinsmen, the frog-eaters. His last book contains his *amende*; in it he recants any national heresy of which he may stand accused by his countrymen. But that does not matter. He has given us some capital books and some delightful lectures, and some day he will visit us again, never fear. If Paris does not treat his plays nicely he will come back to John Bull and have his revenge on Paris.

Mr. T. D. Sullivan's lecture under the auspices of the St. Alphonsus Catholic Society at Massey Music Hall on Thursday evening of last week was well attended, and the crowd was very enthusiastic. Mr. L. B. McBrady occupied the chair, and a number of prominent men, including His Grace Archbishop Walsh, Hon. J. J. Curran, Sir Oliver Mowat, Hon. G. W. Ross, Rev. Dr. Burns, sat behind the chair. Mr. Sullivan impressed everyone as being a most moderate and logical man. He is not of the dynastic order of Home Ruler, but stands upon the righteousness of his cause and appeals to the reason of his opponents. He admits the average good sense of the British people and is willing to peaceably bide the time when that good sense shall have overcome prejudice. In the meantime he thinks it right to assist the slow processes of conviction by the use of mild and considerate argument. He gave us some anecdotes of the House of Commons, notably a good version of Joe Biggar's first great obstruction speech, when he read Parliamentary blue books for four hours, the matter having not the slightest relevance to anything before the House or the slightest coherence. When the speaker thought to sidetrack Mr. Biggar by remarking that his voice had become inaudible, he moved half way up the floor and took possession of an unoccupied desk. "Mr. Speaker," he resumed, "if there is any part of my speech that escaped you or that you do not understand, I am perfectly willing to begin it all over again." The lecturer had nothing whatever to say about Parnell. He spoke in terms of warmest praise of Hon. Edward Blake and was roundly applauded. It will be remembered that Mr. T. W. Russell spoke in the Auditorium in this city two years ago. The lecturer described him as a landlord M.P. who had been sent into Ireland on a mission of discovery against Home Rule, and he had discovered that a tenant's daughter was not dressed as a beggar-maiden. Mr. Sullivan had put this into poetry, and the last verse is as follows:

"England now knows," says T. W. Russell,
"How tenants can rob and campaigners can cheat;
Casidy's daughter is wearing a bustle,
A fringe on her forehead and boots on her feet."

These verses called forth great laughter and applause, as did another humorous production about a man who winked at a certain boycotted pig. The tone of the lecture was moderate and soothing. No animosities were aroused and the cause of Home Rule here has no doubt been benefited. A daily paper has pointed out that some seemed to forget that people had come to the hall and paid a fee to hear Mr. T. D. Sullivan lecture, and had not come to attend a public meeting. Some confusion as to the nature of the affair did seem to exist. The chairman made a speech that stole some of the lecturer's thunder; Dr. Thomas O'Hagan read a long ode that, notwithstanding its merits, might have been privately presented to the distinguished visitor; several gentlemen after the lecturer got through were called upon to speak, so that an event which should have been over by 9.30 o'clock was protracted until 11 o'clock. It can never be too carefully remembered that people who pay to hear a lecture do not deserve to have inflicted on them the tortures that they expect to undergo at a free mass meeting. Mr. Sullivan was the attraction and his name is now more than ever a popular one in Toronto.

One of the most interesting plays that we have had here this year is Victorien Sardou's *Madame Sans-Gene*, which is running all week at the Grand—by the way, Knile Moreau assisted in the creation of the piece. In literature and drama there may be said to be now going forward a Bonaparte renaissance. The great Napoleon is in all men's mouths as he, perhaps, has never been since the news of his death flew around the world on the wings of the wind. The magazines during the year have been publishing endless papers referring to him, his campaign, his diplomacy,

his generalship, his early life, his wives, his brothers, his wives' relations, his generals, anything, everything that could be discovered of him or invented in relation to him. Talleyrand's *Memories* have been published and this long expected sensation has perhaps aggravated, if it did not induce, the fever. We have had Josephine, a more or less successful American play, here, and we have also seen Rhea portraying Napoleon's boyhood. In France and London other Napoleonic plays have been staged. Victorien Sardou is not the man to miss such an opportunity. He goes out and consults the wind every morning. He is never caught with his sails down if there is advantage in having them up, and he has a cargo ready for shipment with every favorable tide. And in this Bonaparte renaissance he sends forth *Madame Sans-Gene* to gather tithes for him from a world of hero-worshippers. The drama is no longer a branch of literature, and Sardou has never regarded it as such. He writes plays that draw good houses, please the people and enrich all connected with them. I do not think he cares a continental for posterity so that he amasses a family fortune. *Madame Sans-Gene* is a play in which one can point out no particular flaw. It violates no law of dramatic architecture, yet you cannot feel that it is more than a passing entertainment.

The piece consists of a prologue and three acts.



Miss Evelyn De Latre Street.
Violinist 'Varsity Glee Club Concert.

The prologue reveals to us a laundry in the Rue Sainte Anne, Paris, on the famous 10th of August, 1792, when the populace stormed and carried the Tuilleries. The laundry woman is Madame Sans-Gene. Among her customers is Lieutenant Bonaparte, who is wisely not revealed in person at this period of his career. He is mentioned, however, and Fouché, another customer, ridicules the name Napoleon, calling in Timeoleon. This worthy loiters about the laundry until the "patriots" win the battle, when he sallies forth to enjoy the fruits of victory. Later he becomes the great Minister of Police. The play proper transfers the denizens of the Rue Sainte Anne into the palace, for the year is 1811, and Napoleon is Emperor. He is surrounded for the most part by the mushroom nobility created by his wand. Madame Sans-Gene is now a duchess, for her soldier lover has become her husband and a Marshal of France, Lefebvre. She is still a woman of the people, with the manners of the laundry, of the *ouvrier*, and Napoleon, offended by her outspokenness, decides to divorce her from her husband. Kathryn Kidder plays this role and her work is wholly commendable. Her torrent of words and display of feeling when her husband tells her the Emperor's desire, is an unsurpassed bit of work. The play hinges upon the jealousy of Napoleon. He believes that Marie Louise is carrying on an intrigue with Count de Neipperg, orders him to leave France, but the Count returns to the palace by night and is seized by Napoleon, who orders him to be shot ere dawn. The innocence of Marie Louise is discovered, but the new Minister of Police declares that Neipperg has already been shot. Fouché has been hanging around, however, and informs Napoleon that he saw the coach carrying the prisoner passing through the gates, and had he been still Minister of Police he would have delayed the execution. "You are again Minister of Police," cries the Emperor. "Suppose I had anticipated my authority and told the men to drive post-haste to the frontier!" asks Fouché, producing his snuff-box. "That would have been all right," answers Napoleon, "had you only done so." "That's exactly what I did do," Napoleon jumps to his feet and remarks that Fouché has played a bold game, a daring game, and asks him what would have happened had he still desired Neipperg to be shot. "Oh," says Fouché carelessly, "I had made arrangements to recover my man if necessary, a little this side of the frontier." Fouché is portrayed as nothing short of a Talleyrand in diplomacy and cunning, and Wallace Shaw does credit to the part. Augustus Cook makes a first-class Napoleon, not the one of the magazine portrait gallery, but the one whom the painters have shown us on board the Bellerophon, or mounted on his horse beneath the shadow of the pyramids.

Marie Louise may not, like Josephine, have been a false wife to Napoleon, but that as a widow she dishonored him with this same Count Neipperg, is known. That Napoleon should have had such bitter matrimonial experiences is a sad commentary upon the virtue of his period among the higher classes of France. During his life he had two wives, and both by either proven or suspected infidelity have caused their names to keep evil comradeship with his through history. The play at the Grand this week conveys unmistakably the fact that the virtue of the ladies of the French court did not at all correspond with the valor of their husbands. Madame Sans-Gene is magnificently staged, and the costumes must have cost a fortune—and in the leading role Kathryn Kidder has as good as made her fortune.

Miss Adele Porter is a lady press agent with Madame Sans-Gene. This is a new departure, and Miss Porter, by her charming manner and her valuable assistance to the local press, has accomplished so much that we may expect Mr. Pitou to pronounce the experiment the largest kind of a success.

Those whose literary appreciation does not fall short of Shakespeare or Browning, Ruskin or Carlyle, rave about Mrs. Agnes Knox-Black. On Monday evening she gave her annual recital in Association Hall before a highly appreciative and delighted audience. Her pro-

fact that David Christie Murray has been induced to return to Toronto and deliver three of his popular talks in the month of January, at Association Hall. The subjects will be, *Ingersoll and the Bible*, *Scottish Wit and Humor*, and *The Poet's Note Book*. The first subject was prompted by an article which recently appeared in the *Boston Herald*, written by Col. Robert Ingersoll, in which he, the Colonel, likened the Old Testament to Gulliver's Travels, Baron Munchausen, and Peter Wilkens and his Wife. Mr. Murray will confute this and will show some of the grand beauties, both literary and otherwise, in the Word of God. The other evenings with Murray will speak for themselves, as all who have heard and all who have read of Mr. Murray will know what delightful evenings are in store for them. The prices will be popular, twenty-five and fifty cents.

Ex-Senator John J. Ingalls, who will lecture in the Pavilion next Thursday evening on *Anarchy and Plutocracy*, has represented Kansas in the United States Senate for eighteen years. During the war he was on staff duty as Judge Advocate, with the rank of Lieutenant. While a member of the Senate in 1887 he was elected President of the Senate *pro tempore*. He was always regarded as one of the ablest men in the body. The Populists defeated him in 1891, but he is still one of the most prominent public men in the country, being an orator of the first class and a profound student of political questions.

Wang will be sung at the Grand first half of next week, and A Circus Girl will run all week at the Academy.

The Police Patrol, which is running at the Academy, is too well known to need outlining here. It always was a pretty good show and is this week drawing good houses.

The Trolley System at the Toronto Opera House is a good farce comedy and the theater is well filled at every performance. The Ganelas supply most of the fun, and there is lots of it. A real trolley car rushes across the stage near the end of the piece.

Edwin Milton Royle, who is quite a favorite here, is still pushing his own play, *Friends*. It has done a large business on a tour to the Pacific Coast, and seems to grow in favor everywhere.

In *The Old Homestead* and in *The Two Sisters* Denman Thompson and George Ryer have turned out two great plays. They have, so to say, cut out a small slice of the real world and put it on the stage for people to look at, deepening its shadows and heightening its lights just enough, and only just enough, to keep it from seeming flat and colorless under the glow of the footlights. The play of *The Two Sisters* has been seen here before and the announcement that it will be produced at the Toronto Opera House on Monday night will doubtless be received with much satisfaction by all theater-goers who appreciate pure, noble, elevating plays. The plot of the play is as simple as that of *The Old Homestead*, but amply equal to the task of upholding weighty popular favor. The success of a play of this kind does not depend upon its dramatic surprises, its metaphysical studies, nor even the rhetorical flights of its characters. It obtains its meed of warm recognition from its intense human interest. It seems like the life story of some near and dear neighbor, and therefore obtains the affectionate interest of an audience. This arises from the warm humanity of the piece, and so the play goes on, taking with it the attention, the love and enthusiasm of the spectators. If *The Two Sisters* receives the recognition here that its sterling quality and golden worth merit, the house will be crowded during the entire week.

The White Tiger.

[LINES DEDICATED TO A WELL KNOWN FLIRT.]
For Saturday Night.
Have you ever seen a tiger, a cruel wicked tiger,
A gleaming lovely creature with the red light in its eye?
A mass of quivering beauty that never looks so kindly
As when lapping up the life blood that pours when people die.
Have you ever seen a tiger, a soft and velvet tiger,
Basking idly in the sunshine day by day?
If you think that he is sleeping, he will fool you, for he isn't,
He is only waiting, anxious for his prey.
Have you ever seen the victim, playing near the cruel tiger,
How it gambols careless, thoughtless, near the watchful half closed eyes?
Fill there comes a flash like lightning, and a cruel bitter rending,
And the tiger laughs to see the victim die.
This is ever tigers' pastime, and the victims can be numbered
By the thousands, all along the shore of time,
But their groans and tears and anguish only serve the single purpose
Of making cruel tigers look sublime.
But the day is surely coming, as the day must come to all men,
When the cries and groans will surge again into the tiger's ears,
And the punishment eternal will be reaped with double measure
When the torture never ending will repay the victim's tears.
Hamilton, November 30. A. D. S.

The Wheelman's Woe.

For Saturday Night.
'Twas the voice of the wheelman, I heard him complain:
"Young man, I forgive, but don't do it again!
No street car, nor wagon obstructed the view,
And a full fifty yards was between us, you know,
For you saw me, I'll swear it, come ambling along,
While the breeze gave way to the tune of my song:
'Hi, hi, there! Look out there! Keep back or go on!' My words were unheeded—the mischief was done—
May I ask what possessed you—I did you no ill—
To run in my track and stop suddenly still?
May I ask why with forewent and devilish craft
You rammed your umbrella right into my chest?
Young man, you have harassed my heart with a grist!
There's a rent in my breeches that's past all belief,
And the pedal is bent, and the bicycle's 'bust,'
And my hat's full of holes and my mouth's full of dust;
And with rim do I utter that curse word of men
Which begins with a 'd' and which ends with an 'n.'
Had you done it on purpose I vow, as I live,
I'd have blackened your eyes ere I'd wished to forgive.
But, mindful of weakness and charity's debt,
I forgive you a smash I shall never forget.

F. M. D.

The general public will be interested in the

Between You and Me.

EVER people are not always pleasant people. They are apt to be egotistic, or touchy, or nervous, or vain, or difficult in one way or another. One very rarely finds the fine wit and the facile brain in perfection without some little drawback which mars one's enjoyment of them. Perhaps a reputation for cleverness is one of the most ruinous attachments one can lay claim to in this exacting world. Ordinary folk, like you and me, have no idea of the nuisance of having a great deal expected of us by our loving friends, nor of the exasperation of the clever man or woman who is expected to be brilliant to order and keep streams of *repartee* on tap. And people may be clever in one particular line of action, or in one way of expression, and utterly commonplace in every other. Perhaps they may speak to us and charm us with their fingers on violin or piano, or by means of pen and ink, or with the multi-tinted magic of the artist, or even they may warble to us songs of sweetness, heavy with passion or bright with fervor or plaintive with a soul's unrest. And while we enjoy their *chef d'œuvre*, we yearn for a nearer knowledge of the person, we want to hear him talk if he sings, or make jokes, or bandy jest and gibe, and lo! a Paderewski who mopes, or a Sarasate who scolds, or a Jean de Reske who eats garlic and drinks beer, or a Millais who looks like a country squire, or a Tennyson whose only words of comment on God's loveliest land were growls because he could there get no good smoking tobacco.

Sometimes, truly, the man fits his reputation and satisfies our ideal. Sir Frederick Leighton, with his silvery hair and refined face, his graceful figure and picturesque dress, grows more and more of an artist the better you know him. Mind and man are delightfully what one expects. And the other night there was with us another man who seemed to me to be exactly the person one had a right to imagine the author of Brother Jonathan and John Bull and his Island should be. How the audience laughed and grinned and chuckled, according as is their individual mode of managing their risibles, at the inimitable sentences, the absurd periods, the expressive pauses, when half a sentence and a gesture made up the dose of fun. A Frenchwoman can always talk to a deaf mute and make herself understood, you know, for she uses her brows, her eyes, her lashes, her nose, her chin and her shoulders, not to mention her hands, as well as her tongue. And Max O'Rell has the whole battery aforesaid in working order and a thousand little gestures unknown to womanhood. For instance, that attitude, with his busy hands tucked under his coat-tails and his chin well raised in waiting, then suddenly dropped in resignation. He was a perfect whirl of motion, *repartee*, absurdity, wit, and his momentary fits of quiet were as eloquent as ever was human speech. Could a greater contrast be imagined than the lecturer of Monday week and him of Monday? A plate of porridge to a glass of champagne!

We were discussing the sermon. The little mamma confided to me that she was sometimes convicted, not by the preacher directly, but by the gaze of her two little daughters, who had a frightful trick of being very attentive to the preacher's remarks, and, when they considered that any of them hit the foibles or weaknesses of their parent, turned unfaltering and convincing eyes upon her, as she sat, perhaps thinking of anything but the sermon. It was the funniest thing to hear her tell of her embarrassment and her subsequent commands to those two youngsters never to look at her like that in church again. We have all, perhaps, felt the too pure gaze of a child upon us in our insecure moments, but it must be a severe discipline to find oneself the target for four such search-lights, and before the whole congregation, too! Fancy the preacher raging against scandal, and our babies turning wide eyes upon us, as much as to say, "Here is the object of these remarks." Fancy how they might look us up and down, while the good man, clad in his bifurcated hideousness, denounced the braiding of hair and the wearing of gew-gaws. It is too horrible, and I would uphold the little mamma even in the administration of a spanking.

I was much amused with the account given me by a constant visitor at the Portrait Exhibition, recently held in New York, of the dilemma of some aristocratic original, who was inadvertently presented with a criticism of her counterfeit presentment by a thoughtless and unconscious critic. "What a perfectly idiotic expression that woman has," remarked the visiting critic, to whom the elect are evidently not *connus*. "She wouldn't be so silly-looking if she kept her mouth shut, and if her eyes were not staring. Why on earth do homely people have their ugliness perpetuated?" was the comforting reply of the critic's friend, who passed on her way, little knowing the mischief she was doing. Once in a while such happiness comes in my way, and it is such a lark to hear someone grandly putting her foot in it that I never have the heart to spoil the fun, but generally join in heartily in abusing poor Lady Gay, trying my best to out-herod Herod, no matter how blood-thirsty he may be after my innocent self. It is a curious fact that a remark which might break my heart if overheard or repeated to me, has been a source of the greatest delight and fun when it has been quite unconsciously presented to me by the author. Such queer creatures we are!

LADY GAY.

Scared Them Off.

Friend—How is this? I thought you were to be called as a witness in that trial.
Sharp—I got out of it.
"Eh? Why, I heard that both sides were after you?"
"I scared them both off."
"Cracky! How!"
"Told 'em that if I was called I would tell the truth."
"I never talk about the club to my wife."
"I do. I speak of it in glowing terms, and then stay at home occasionally. So my wife thinks there isn't a more self-sacrificing husband in the world!"

A SACRIFICE OF PATRIOTS.

Being the Inside History of a North West Campaign and Showing How We Carried the Riviere Qui Barre for the Government Candidate.

By CHARLES LEWIS SHAW.

THE following story is a fact, and facts are awkward as well as stubborn things, therefore the *locus mali* will not be specifically named. But if you really desire to know, take one of the North-West Navigation Company's steamers some summer and journey up the great North Saskatchewan river from its mouth until the flat-bottomed stern-wheeler touches the bottom with undue frequency, and at each town (there are no villages in our North-West) enquire for the "old timer" of the oldest brand (every North-West town keeps one for visitors) and ask for the champion legend of the district. The boat will wait if you have been half decent to the captain. The trip is worth taking anyway, and you will get enough legends and yarns to give you material for a large-sized book about hair-breadth escapes from Indians; about buffalo grazing where the postoffice now stands, and how in the good old days various things could be purchased with a Perry Davis Pain Killer label from the guileless savage who thought it a shin-plaster. When you hear a story told with peculiar unction about four barrels of rum, two of French brandy and one of port having been buried by the Hudson Bay officers, in the neighborhood of their fort, on the eve of a threatened outbreak of the Indians in the early part of the century, and never resurrected, you will know that you are where the following events occurred.

I hadn't been there six months before I heard that story told fifty times; heard it discussed in all its bearings; heard of the vain searches that had been made intermittently for the last seventy-five years, and listened to speculations and theories as to the whereabouts of the *caché* by every male adult in the district. Captain Kidd's treasure to the fishermen of the Atlantic coast was nothing to the interest of that isolated North-West settlement in that hidden wine cellar. The story did duty at social gatherings, instead of wine. I speak of old prohibition days, and the thought of an one-hundred-year-old port was almost as satisfactory as an actual decanter of seven-year-old Club.

One Saturday night, a few years after the last Riel Rebellion, the Doctor (I won't mention names), the Surveyor, the Trader and the veracious Chronicler, were seated in the combined dining, sitting and drawing-room and library of a Half-breed gentleman, whom I will call our Host. There was nothing unusual in this, for every Saturday night the above mentioned quintette of bachelors gathered around the glowing poplar logs in our Host's old-fashioned fireplace and talked. Talked of months-old politics and events that were forgotten in the places where they occurred before we heard of them, of the projected railway and the prospects of a boom, of half-breed discontent and of old Indian troubles, of college days in Toronto and our homes in the far East.

We had been talking about the late Rebellion. "There is one thing that explains the whole trouble," said our Host, "and that is as Justin McCarthy says of England's actions about Ireland, that the people in the East don't understand this country."

"I believe you," said the Doctor, as he proceeded to concoct a bowl of pain-killer cocktails dashed with a little alcohol from his laboratory. We always let the Doctor mix the drinks. It was safer. "Look at the way they are holding on to that farce, prohibition. Indians is the only excuse, and Indians can get drunk on Eau de Cologne and Florida water easier now than they could under a license system. And as for white men, whether it is the natural perversity of human nature that men drink and get drunk on account of the restraint upon their liberty or the difficulties to overcome in procuring the means, I don't know, but a fellow here hasn't the same shame about excess that he would have in the East. And then look at the tippie we have," he continued, holding up the Pain-killer bottle. "It will burn a man's innards" so that he will be a drunkard willy nilly in a few years."

"I am going to let up on that beastly quinine wine," said the Surveyor; "my ears buzzed to an extent last week that made me think my hat was a bee hive. The quinine made me so deaf that my Chinaman has ruined a fine bass voice yelling at me on the work."

"A report came to the lower settlement the other day that the boys down the river have got on to a new drink," said someone, "two bottles of beef, iron and wine to one of ginger, with an equal quantity of water, with sugar and lemons—it is good they say."

"Pretty strong this, I think, Doctor," said the Trader, as he proceeded with the first tumbler. "Ugh, ugh," he gasped after a generous pull at the fiery liquid, "give me some water; one would think a mounted police officer had jumped down your throat with his spurs on."

"Never mind, drink it down."

"'Twill make a man forget his woes,
'Twill brighten all his joys,
'Twill lighten all his heart to sing
Tho' the tear were in her eye."

said the Surveyor, whose library consisted of a Burns and a book on logarithms. "In the language of the Great Lone Land, it will get the 'glad on'."

"It will get it on all right, but it is the getting it off that has always bothered me with this confounded liquor," said someone. "Oh, to think that somewhere around us there is liquor buried, old when it was cached seventy-five years ago and chosen for its quality by the gentlemen adventurers of England trading into Hudson Bay, who knew a good drink as well as a prime beaver skin, and to think that it is no good to anyone. It is strange that all trace of it is lost."

"Say, Hector," said the Doctor to our Host, "your grandfather was an officer in the company's service at the time; didn't he ever leave anything that could show the hiding-place? I have heard that the chief factor died shortly after and there was a complete scattering of

the staff to the northern forts, which explains the mystery about it."

"I have never gone over the old gentleman's papers carefully," said Hector, "but say we all do so to-night. I know he kept a diary."

We had been immersed for about an hour in old chronicles about the everyday life of a Hudson Bay clerk in the first years of the century, and had nearly forgotten the object of our search in descriptions of trading and hunting trips, the state of business and the gossip of the old fort, when the Surgeon said, his voice trembling with excitement, "My God, I believe I've struck it." He read aloud:

"1809, September 12. News has come in that large parties of Blackfeet are moving north to trade here. Anticipate trouble, as wood Cree are here for supplies for fall hunt. Very bitter feeling between Blackfeet and Crees on account of trouble during summer on the Battle River. Both well armed, but hear Blackfeet are short of gunpowder. Chief Factor will try to trade with Blackfeet on south side of river and keep the hostile tribes apart. Messenger says that Blackfeet will want rum, as they heard of Sir George Simpson's gift. The Blackfeet have never been friendly and are bad Indians. Seldom trade here."

"September 13. Great stir in Creeteepe about the Blackfeet. Council meeting to-night. The chiefs ask that women and children be allowed in the fort. All rum, brandy and wine buried by the officers to-night in different places while council meeting. I buried twenty gallon case of port in burying-ground, ten yards to right of Donald MacIvor's grave. Good place. Indians afraid of spirits."

There was not a word spoken when the Surveyor concluded. We sat and looked at each other. The Trader and the Doctor shook hands feelingly and I pinched myself to see if I were awake.

"Well, we had better go and get it. It has been there long enough," said the Doctor, who was nothing if not practical.

"But it belongs to the Hudson Bay Company," said the Trader, whose business often brought him into collision with the all-powerful company.

"Great heavens! man," said the Surveyor, turning pale, "do they claim the whole earth? They've got a good part of it, anyway. There must be a statute of limitation that bars them. Anyhow," he continued, with the scorn of laws in general that the habitual contempt of one in particular, prohibition, begets:

"A fit for those by law protected,
Liberty's a glorious feast,
Courts for cowards were erected,
Churches built to please the priests."

Burns was to the Surveyor what the Bible is to a Rauter. He would ring it in at all times whether appropriate or otherwise.

The customary gray streaks were adorning the eastern sky on the Sunday morning, when five weary and mud-begrimed individuals re-seated themselves in our Host's room. On the table was a copulent cask that threw out a fruity, insidious bouquet that entered into our very souls, and we sighed a long-drawn sigh.

"An one hundred years old, an undivided one-fifth interest; what have I done to deserve this?" murmured the Surveyor. And we all looked at the old cask.

"Those oak staves stood out well, eh?" said the Doctor. "I suppose being saturated helped to preserve them. Now what shall we do with it? It would be sacrilege to waste it on a vulgar spree, and we must be quiet about it or the Czar of Russia or the Rothschilds may tempt us by creating us noblemen or offering one thousand dollars a gallon for it. The Surveyor there would like to be a Count of the Holy Roman Empire."

"I wouldn't part with that to be a duke," was the feeling reply.

It was nearly church time before we came to a decision. The Surveyor and the Trader were both compelled by business to go away for nearly a month, and for several other reasons, after prolonged argument, we determined that as it was only two months and a half until Christmas that was the most fitting time for the opening of the cask and whatever entertainment should follow.

They have gone, those jolly comrades of long ago, gone from out each other's lives, and my mind lingers over our last, our saddest meeting in the old North-West shack on the banks of the Saskatchewan. The district was in the throes of its first election contest and it was only two days before polling. Party politics were not understood as yet by the majority of the people. How essential it was, considering the Rebellion and the attack made upon the Indian and Police Departments, that the Territories should return supporters of the Government, only few understood. We five were Tories to a man and rightly considered that a victory at the outset would go strongly toward settling the political character of the new constituency. Our candidate was unable to appear in our part of the enormous riding, and the conduct of the campaign had been largely left in our hands. His opponent was receiving the active support of the Hudson Bay Co. and every sorehead in the district. As we discussed matters, devised schemes and examined lists that November evening, we all felt blue.

The north was going wrong; the bulk of the half-breed vote was going Grit. That meant defeat.

"How about Riviere Qui Barre?" asked the Doctor.

"There are over one hundred votes there. All half-breeds. Bad," answered the Surveyor; "couldn't be worse. The whole blooming settlement has been living on Hudson Bay flour and tea for the last week and there are four agents watching them. They have the whole settlement camped out and holding races all day. Our man couldn't get near them except at night. He saw some of the principal men but they are straight Liberals and free-traders as long as the flour supply is liberal and the trade in tea is free. They say that they might be able to see the beauties of a protective system and the Conservative Railway policy if they had some whisky."

"Great Scott, what do they expect? Whisky! We haven't any liquor," said the Trader. And then silence fell on the group, for every man

remembered that in the cellar under our feet a twenty-gallon cask was a-waiting the coming Christmas tide.

"Oh, Lord, we couldn't do it, against the law respecting purity of elections," huskily whispered the Surveyor. The terrible struggle that was going on within our breasts was depicted on our faces. We stood between love and duty. Was the grand old Conservative party to be defeated and we stand idly by with the means of averting disaster in our cellar? Was the glorious banner borne in the van by the old chieftain in many a hard-fought battle to be dragged in the dust? Perish the thought! Never, while the voice of a patriot can be raised in the land or a drop of grog be drained from a cask! The pages of history team with the sacrifices made by men on behalf of religion or principle, telling in glowing language how they met death on the field of battle or laid down their lives upon the headsman's block, or at the scorching-stake. Pause and think of our sacrifice! An one-hundred-year-old port in the North-West Territories in the eighties! Canada is only a young country, her story has just begun; but I mistake very much the grateful feeling of my countrymen if, together with the sturdy old U. E. Loyalists, the gallant Brock, the chivalrous De Salaberry, the names of the Doctor, the Surveyor, the Trader, our Host and somebody else, will not be handed down to our children's children as men who would sacrifice anything for their country.

The story is almost too sad to continue. We won. Of one hundred and twenty-nine votes polled at Riviere Qui Barre, we got one hundred and twenty-nine. They would have been voting yet, if the polls hadn't closed. The Opposition agents voted with us. But it was a sad, a woeful sight to see the Surveyor's face as a big buck Half-breed, who did not know highwines from claret, poured a drink that the Prince of Wales would have given six months of his life to taste, into his insides with as much indifference as he gave his vote. It did not take much of that port to get them in good voting shape, and we voted them in squads. But it was an awful waste, a fearful waste, but that constituency is a Tory stronghold to-day. It was rather cruel hoisting the Hudson Bay Company with their own petard, but they don't feel hard about it. We met our leading opponent on our return from Riviere Qui Barre and told him how it was done. We gave him the last drink, and when he returned the empty flask he said, as his eyes rolled in ecstasy and his lips lingeringly smacked, "I don't blame them; I'd gone Tory myself."

"With a cargo of that port in 1775," said the Surveyor reflectively, "I could have made the thirteen colonies loyal to England, and the forty-ninth parallel would be merely a mathematical expression. George Washington would have remained a country gentleman."

THE whole system. It is caused by decay of tissue from old age and is generally aggravated by repeated brushing. A peculiar feature of the complaint is the lack of veracity on the part of the patient in reference to the cause of his uneasiness. Another invariable symptom is his aversion to out-door exercise; under various pretexts which it is the duty of his medical adviser firmly to combat he will avoid even a gentle walk in the streets.

V. Of the waistcoat science recognizes but one disease.

Porrigia, an affection caused by repeated spilling of porridge. It is generally harmless, chiefly owing to the mental indifference of the patient. It can be successfully treated by repeated fomentations of benzine.

VI. Mortification Tilia, or Greenness of the Hat, is a disease often found in connection with Phosphorescentia (mentioned above), and characterized by the same aversion to out-door life.

VII. Sterilitas, or Loss of Fur, is another disease of the hat, especially prevalent in winter. It is not accurately known whether this is caused by a falling out of the fur or by a cessation of growth. In all diseases of the hat the mind of the patient is greatly depressed and his countenance stamped with the deepest gloom. He is particularly sensitive in regard to questions as to the previous history of the hat.

Want of space precludes the mention of minor diseases, such as

VIII. Odiditas Soccorum, or oddness of the socks, a thing in itself trifling, but of an alarming nature if met in combination with Contractio Pantalunae. Cases are found where the patient, possibly on the public platform or at a social gathering, is seized with a consciousness of the malady so suddenly as to render medical assistance futile.

SURGICAL CASES.

It is impossible to mention more than a few of the most typical cases of diseases of this sort.

I. Explosio, or Loss of Buttons, is the commonest malady demanding surgical treatment. It consists of a succession of minor fractures, possibly internal, which at first excite no alarm. A vague sense of uneasiness is presently felt, which often leads the patient to seek relief in the string habit—a habit which, if unduly indulged, may assume the proportions of a ruling passion. The use of sealing-wax, while admirable as a temporary remedy for Explosio, should never be allowed to gain a permanent hold upon the system. There is no doubt that a persistent indulgence in the string habit, or the constant use of sealing-wax, will result in

II. Fractura Suspendorum, or Snapping of the Braces, which amounts to a general collapse of the system. The patient is usually seized with a severe attack of explosio, followed by a sudden sinking feeling and sense of loss. A sound constitution may rally from the shock, but a system undermined by the string habit invariably succumbs.

III. Sectura Pantalunae, or Ripping of the Trousers, is generally caused by sitting upon warm beeswax or leaning against a hook. In the case of the very young it is not unfrequently accompanied by a distressing suppurative of the shirt. This, however, is not remarked in adults. The malady is rather mental than bodily, the mind of the patient being racked by a keen sense of indignity and a feeling of unworthiness. The only treatment is immediate isolation, with a careful stitching of the affected part.

In conclusion it may be stated that at the first symptom of disease the patient should not hesitate to put himself in the hands of a professional tailor. In so brief a compass as the present article the discussion has of necessity been rather suggestive than exhaustive. Much yet remains to be done, and the subject opens wide to the enquiring eye. The writer will, however, feel amply satisfied if this brief outline may help to direct the attention of medical men to what is yet an unexplored field.

STEPHEN LEACOCK.

Don't Own Up.

It is dangerous to make a confession unless one really means it, and we may add that it is sometimes dangerous to take a confession as honestly meant. A husband and wife, between whom a little unpleasant passage had occurred, had made the matter up, and the wife said, as if to clear her conscience, "Oh, well, I suppose that I have my faults."

"Yes, my dear," said the husband.

"What!"

"I simply said 'yes.'"

"That I have my faults!" exclaimed the wife indignantly. "What are they, I should like to know?"

"Well, to begin with—"

"No. I don't want to hear."

Nothing Original There.

"Is your boy fond of sugar on his bread?"

"Not so very."

"He is an original boy."

"Oh, no. Not so very. He wants his sugar straight."

Father—I do not require that the man who marries my daughter shall be rich. All that I ask is that he be able to keep out of debt. Sutor—Would you consider a man in debt who borrows money from his father-in-law?

"Isn't it glorious!" exclaimed the enthusiastic girl, as she leaned over the taffrail; "doesn't it fill you with wild delight to feel the breeze fan your cheeks as you fly before the wind, the white caps speeding after you?" "Yes; it's all right to have 'em speeding after you here," replied the sallow passenger, "but out in Indlanay—!" Then he remembered and became silent.

There was a shadow on his face. "Alicia," he said, with a trembling voice, "I believe I made a mistake when I married you." She sternly drew herself up to her full height. "Athenistan!" she gasped. "Yes," he proceeded desperately, "the more I think of it, the more I am convinced that I gave the minister an X instead of the V I intended."

A wild fear seized upon her. "He has gone forever!" she shrieked. She had secretly entertained the expectation that the man she had spurned would come back, until she looked over the hat-rack and found he had taken a much better umbrella than he brought. "Forever!" she moaned.

She trembled with rage. "Insult, insult!" she moaned; "and yet I cannot raise a hand, unless" (a ray of hope appeared) "someone will come along and unhook my waist in the back."

An Outline of a New Pathology.

Diseases of the Clothes.

THAS long been vaguely understood that the condition of a man's clothes has a certain effect upon the health of both body and mind. The well known proverb, "Clothes make the man," has its origin in a general recognition of the powerful influence of the habiliments in their reaction upon the wearer. The same truth may be observed in the facts of everyday life. On the one hand we remark the bold carriage and mental vigor of a man attired in a new suit of clothes; on the other we note the melancholy features of him who is conscious of a posterior patch, or the hunted face of one suffering from internal loss of buttons. But while common observation thus gives us a certain familiarity with a few leading facts regarding the ailments and influence of clothes, no attempt has as yet been made to reduce our knowledge to a systematic form. At the same time the writer feels that a valuable addition might be made to the science of medicine in this direction. The numerous diseases which are caused by this fatal influence should receive a scientific analysis, and their treatment be included among the principles of the healing art.

The Diseases of the Clothes may roughly be divided into Medical Cases and Surgical Cases, while these again fall into classes according to the particular garment through which the sufferer is attacked.

MEDICAL CASES.

Probably no article of apparel is so liable to a diseased condition as the trousers. It may be well, therefore, to treat first those maladies to which they are subject.

I. Contractio Pantalunae, or Shortening of the Legs of the Trousers, an extremely painful malady most frequently found in the growing youth. The first symptom is the appearance of a yawning space (*lacuna*) above the boots, accompanied by an acute sense of humiliation and a morbid anticipation of mockery. The application of treacle to the boots, although commonly recommended, may rightly be condemned as too drastic a remedy. The use of boots reaching to the knee, to be removed only at night, will afford immediate relief. In connection with Contractio is often found

II. Inductio Genu, or Bagging of the Knees of the Trousers, a disease whose symptoms are similar to those above. The patient shows an aversion to the standing posture, and in acute cases, if the patient be compelled to stand, the head is bent and the eye fixed with painful rigidity upon the projecting blade formed at the knee of the trousers.

In both the above diseases anything that can be done to free the mind of the patient from a morbid sense of his infirmity will do much to improve the general tone of the system.

III. Oases, or Patches, are liable to break out anywhere on the trousers and range in degree of gravity from those of a trifling nature to those of a fatal character. The most distressing cases are those where the patch assumes a different color from that of the trousers (*dis-similitudo coloris*). In this instance the mind of the patient is found to be in a sadly aberrated condition. A speedy improvement may, however, be effected by cheerful society, books, flowers, and, above all, by a complete change.

IV. The overcoat is attacked by no serious disorders except

Phosphorescentia, or Glistening, a malady which indeed may often be observed to affect

Short Stories Retold.

Norm.—The editor desires to thank those readers who from time to time send in anecdotes which they come across in their reading. By this means this column is growing more interesting.

A Detroit man the other day received a sudden invitation from a Kentucky friend to come down and join a hunting party about to start for the mountains. The Detroit man wanted to go, but he did not know what kind of game was to be the object, so he sent this telegram for instructions, "All right. What shall I bring?" A few hours later he received this reply, "Corkscrews; we have the rest."

In a suit for separation, counsel for the plaintiff pleaded, among other reasons, incompatibility of temperament. He depicted the character of the husband as "brutal, violent and passionate." The husband's advocate rose in his turn and described the wife as "spiteful, short-tempered and sulky." "Pardon me," interrupted the judge, addressing both limbs of the law: "I cannot see, gentlemen, where the incompatibility of temperament comes in."

The King of the Belgians went out for a walk the other day and entered a farm to ask for a glass of milk. When he had made a remark in English to his companion, he heard the hostess say to her husband in Flemish, "I wonder what that long-nosed Englishman will give us for the milk?" Whereupon the King took out a five franc piece and gave it to the woman, saying in Flemish, "Allow me to offer you the portrait of the long-nosed Englishman."

Judge Saunders of North Carolina (afterward Minister to Spain), had occasion to try a Pollard-Breckinridge case at Harnett County Superior Court. He had clear opinions on the merits of the case, and thus charged the jury, "Gentlemen, I tried a case like this in Rockingham County last week and the jury seized the defendant's pile—seized his pile, gentlemen. It is for you to say whether female virtue is prized as highly in Harnett as it is in Rockingham. Take the case."

The following story is told of Alma Tadema: Uncommonly fastidious in his personal appearance, he had for his guest on one occasion Mr. Elihu Vedder, a well known American. The morning after his arrival, Mrs. Alma Tadema was awakened by a knocking at her chamber door. Much alarmed, she aroused her husband, who demanded in fierce tones what was wanted. It was Mr. Vedder who was at the door, and he answered, "I say, Tadema, old chap, where do you keep the scissors that you trim your cuffs with?"

Some time ago, when I was living in England, the vicar of the parish in which I resided called upon me one day and seeing Edmund Yates' paper, the *World*, lying on the table, he asked me if I also subscribed to *Truth*. "No," I replied, "I cannot say that I am an admirer of Mr. Labouchere (the editor of *Truth*). "Well, that may be, Mr. —," said the clergyman, "but you know he is very clever—wonderfully clever; in fact, he must be marvelously clever to have kept himself out of jail all this time!" Yates had been in jail for a libel on Lord Lansdale; but though Labouchere says many hard things he has never yet lost his freedom.

Marshal Ney was wild and grand at Waterloo. He had his fifth horse killed under him at the final catastrophe. He was cut and bullet-marked, muddy, magnificent and holding a broken sword in his hand. "Come," he shouted, "and see how a marshal of France dies on the battlefield!" But it was in vain. Death avoided him. He grew haggard and indignant, and hurled at Drouot d'Erlon the question, "Are you not going to get yourself killed here?" Cannon balls crushed a handful of men at his side and he cried, "Oh, there is nothing for me! I should like all these English cannon balls to enter my chest." But he lived until ungrateful France murdered him.

A Texas military company were out to the range recently, practicing at rifle-shooting. The lieutenant in command suddenly became exasperated at the poor shooting, and, seizing a gun from one of the privates, cried angrily, "I'll show you fellows how to shoot!" Taking a long aim, and a strong aim, and an aim altogether, he missed. Coolly turning to the private who owned the gun, he said, "That's the way you shoot." He again loaded the weapon and missed. Turning to the second man in the ranks he remarked, "That's the way you shoot." In this way he contrived to miss about fifty or sixty times, illustrating to each soldier his personal incapacity, and finally he accidentally hit the target. "And that," he ejaculated, handing the gun back to the private, "is the way I shoot."

A good story of poor Villiers, the war correspondent, whose death in the war in the East is reported this week, was told me by Captain Charles Reade, R. N., a nephew of the novelist of that name. Captain Reade happened to be in a certain town in England one evening and found that Villiers was to lecture there on his experiences as a war correspondent. The lecture was under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association. The proceedings were opened with prayer and then Villiers began his address. When he had got half way through he said, "Ladies and gentlemen, the most interesting portion of the evening's entertainment has now arrived—an interval of five minutes. I am going out for a minute or two. While I am away you enjoy yourselves; have another prayer or two!"

As a regiment was on the march to Gettysburg, some of the soldiers stepped out of the ranks and "confiscated" a couple of geese, and one of the drummers unheeded his instrument and put the captured birds in the drum. Shortly after the colonel came along, and noticing the boy shirked his usual drum-whacks, rode up to him and said: "Why don't you beat that drum?" "Colonel," said the startled musician, "I want to speak to you." The colonel drew still closer to him, and, bending down his head, said, "Well, what have you to say?" The drummer whispered: "Colonel, I've got a couple of geese in here." The colonel straightened up and gravely said, "Well, if

you're sick and can't play, you needn't," and then rode on. The colonel had lost geese that night.

Sir John Compton Laurence, a very witty judge on the English bench, met with his match in an Irish witness just lately. The examining counsel had some difficulty with the Irishman, which caused Sir John to interpose. "Leave the witness to me, Mr. —," he said. "I think I can deal with him. Now, witness," he continued, turning to the Irishman, "I want you to state accurately and fully what that box contained when it was stolen." "Yes, your lordship," said the Irishman. "Well, first of all, there was a picture of Daniel O'Connell. Perhaps your lordship has heard of Dan O'Connell?" "Yes, yes," said Justice Laurence. "I know all about Dan O'Connell. Get on. What else?" "Well, then, your lordship, there was a picture of our blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Praps your lordship has heard of Him?"

A Fair Return.

Two after the play as we bowed along
In the carriage. Ah, how well
There lingers now in my heart of hearts
The magic of that spell!

I dared not speak in an uttered word
The thought in my heart that night,
But I gazed in her eyes and I felt she knew,
And I thrilled with wild delight.

Then it was that I dared, as we sped along,
To touch her hand with mine
Under the robe, and I thrilled again
With ecstasy divine.

And I pressed it gently. Alas for me!
For later on, I own,
I found I'd pressed not my dear one's hand,
But that of her chaperone.

Oh, reader dear, pray blame me not,
This stanza is as no lack;
I squeezed the wrong hand; it is true;
But then she squeezed mine back.

TOM MARION.

Fashions for Men and Women.

HERE are all kinds and all species of overcoats, of many different cuts and styles, and made of various and varied materials, but there is among them all nothing like the single-breasted dark blue Melton with a velvet collar. It is a garment which will always be dressy, it is essentially gentle and it is most serviceable. These are truly cardinal virtues in a coat. There are two overcoats, however, of which there is something to be said. The first is the reasonably long black coat, made of rough worsted lined with silk, and with an Inverness cape. This is very loose, and is the very best thing to wear for evening dress. It does not mustle either the coat or the shirt, and looks perfectly well with a top hat. At one time the cape overcoat was used very much by villains in melodramas and by actors in private life, but they have discarded it for more conspicuous creations, and a gentleman's wardrobe can contain no better or more useful article. The other is what tailors call the paletot, and which they claim will be the fashionable garment for the winter, and which, judging from the merit of this prophecy, is sure to be relegated to oblivion. There are a few venturesome souls in London who wear them, but they are a little too pronounced for a conservative man. The paletot is a survival of the paddock, and in cut and shape resembles very much that obnoxious affair. It is very long, reaching far below the knee, and has very wide skirts. In fact, it almost touches the ground, and gives but a vague suspicion that the wearer has trousers underneath. The pockets are large and circular in form, the edges are heavily braided, almost frogged, like the coats Joseph Sedley and Verdant Green and other gentlemen whom we have met with in illustrations and woodcuts were wont to fly about London in. A deep velvet collar and velvet cuffs are in keeping with its style.

The crush or opera hat came into fashion last winter, and will be the vogue for this season to carry to the theater or places of amusement. It certainly saves wear and tear on one's silk hat, as the contrivances for putting headgear away at theaters are most primitive, and the man behind you always kicks your hat when fastened under your chair or stall by some wretched invention made to economize space and draw from the profits of the cloak-room. It will last a number of years, and wetting will not affect it. It is therefore somewhat of a saving to invest in one. There are little pockets in the crown for your gloves, and even your handkerchief—all of which is very convenient. However, Americans will not follow the fashion of carrying opera hats into drawing-rooms. Some years ago it was considered very "swell"—that was the word then—to do this very thing, and to keep hold of it when dancing, planting it right in the middle of the back of your partner, where it looked like a horrid huge black plaster.

Two kinds of evening wraps find favor this season, and are designed by Paquin. One is a short affair that displays the gown beneath, and the other, on the contrary, conceals it entirely. The first is made of velvet and chinchilla fur, the black, blue, or mauve velvet, forming a short godet cape scarcely to the waist, with large revers of chinchilla high about the throat, and long stole ends of velvet lined with chinchilla. A special feature of this little wrap is several butterfly bows, high at the back, made of mauve satin shades. A belt of the mauve satin passes under the cape and holds the front in shape. The large cloaks are of chine flowered silks in very large designs, and are cut with full godet pleats in the back of the skirt to cover well the wide dress skirts beneath them. They are made with huge sleeves, or else with a series of capes that cover the arm. *Bluet* embroidered chiffon trims many, in small collars, and forming an immense ruche around the neck. The furs most used in the evening are ermine and chinchilla. Ermine capes fall in full folds to the waist from a flaring collar. Chinchilla serves most often as a lining for some rich garment, and comes into view when the cloak is thrown back in the seat.

Satin is the chosen fabric of the season for evening wear. Brocades are less often seen, though there are some with small Dresden china designs for young women, and in large branching patterns for those who are older. Velvets rank next to satin, and one of the novelties of the season is the use of uncut velvet, ripped across from selvaige to selvaige, which, after all, is a revival from long ago rather than a novelty. Very light colors, turquoise or *ciel* blue, Nile green, pale pink, or yellow, are effective in this rich fabric. For the usual velvets, black, Nile green, or one of the new rose shades is preferred. Fewer black toilettes are seen than at any former season, though occasionally a gown of black velvet or of black satin is worn with distinction. Paquin waists of large-figured chine silks and many of chiffon are worn with black satin skirts, as the latter are little seen when the wearer is seated. Another waist of Nile green velvet is almost encrusted with white *duchesse* lace put on in vine-like rows, or in branches crossing as a yoke or as a ceinture. The sleeves are so enormous that they seldom need epaulettes or bretelles to give width. Yellow chiffon waists are also very effective when lace is applied to them in vine stripes or in a deep vandyke-pointed collar, with perhaps a bit of brown fur in narrow bands. The bonnets worn in the orchestra seats are small dress affairs perched very far back on the head. They are sometimes a wide flat crown of Rhine-stones close against the hair, or else of jet with a funnel-shaped piece on each side of crimped chiffon or *mousseline de soie* in many rows, held in shape by wires. Few flower bonnets are worn, except those in clusters of small blossoms, such as violets, or in ivy leaves with velvet *choux* of some brilliant color between, or else in large velvet roses set in a row without foliage. The familiar costume of a skirt of one color and a waist of another is also seen in the orchestra chairs at the opera. Tiaras of jewels are less worn this season than last, even by the *grandes dames* and rich young matrons. The *coiffures* are simple, being close to the head, yet waved on the sides and dressed at the back neither high nor low, but between. The forehead is left uncovered as much as possible, and the hair, after being parted, is held down closely with very small jeweled side-combs.

White undressed kid gloves are worn with full dress evening toilette, no matter what color the gown may be, and are of any length fancied, some meeting the short sleeves, while others leave the round elbow exposed. These white gloves are also worn with calling costumes in the orchestra seats. Small Empire fans are the newest fancy, but many of larger size are carried. White kid fans, painted by an artist in such matters, and mounted on sticks of mother of pearl, are charming. Gauze fans with *bluet* spangles or those of glowing red forming the decoration, are carried by young women. The graceful ostrich-feather fans are still used, both in colors and black, many having glittering spangles as an ornament. White satin slippers with pointed toes trimmed with rosettes of *mousseline de soie*, very large and full, are worn with dresses of any color. But white gloves and white slippers give the effect of large hands and feet, and while there is nothing to vie with the white gloves, the slippers may give place to those made of the material of the gown, or else to the black satin slipper, which makes the foot look very small.

LA MODE.

When falls the rain and winds are blowing
I do not feel, I do not care,
With a Rigby coat on I am going
I'm dressed for weather, wet or fair;
The rain may fall as from a fountain
And turn the fields into a pool,
The east wind whistles o'er the mountain,
I wear Rigby, I'm no fool.

Sure to Recover.

"Doctor, do you think my wife will recover?"
"Oh, yes, I told her I already had a wife
picked out for you in case she didn't get well."

Fatal Result of Delay

Sickness generally follows in the path of neglect. Don't be reckless but prudently take a few doses of Scott's Emulsion immediately following exposure to cold. It will save you many painful days and sleepless nights.

Dr. Evans' Open Letter.

Carefully Investigated by the Canada Farmers' Sun.

Miss Koester and Her Parents Endorse the Statements Contained in the Open Letter—The Doctor's Action in Making the Facts Public Fully Justified.

From The Farmers' Sun.

In an open letter published in the *Canada Farmers' Sun* of September 19, over the signature of Dr. Evans of Elmwood, attention was called to the remarkable case of Miss Christina Koester of North Brant, who was attended by the doctor in March, 1892, when suffering from inflammation of the left lung, which subsequently developed all the signs of consumption. In June of the same year she wasted to a skeleton and was suffering from an intense cough with profuse expectoration of purulent matter, accompanied by hectic fever. Her recovery was decried by the doctor in March, 1892, when suffering from inflammation of the left lung, which subsequently developed all the signs of consumption. In June of the same year she wasted to a skeleton and was suffering from an intense cough with profuse expectoration of purulent matter, accompanied by hectic fever. 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Our Weekly Original Story

The Unknown Tramp.

BY KOMUS.

IN a narrow valley, which shall be nameless, lies a small village, inhabited for many years past by a thrifty rural population of some hundreds. Tall mountains shut in the view to the east and to the west, while a small lake stretches away towards the north like an index finger pointing to the wooded wealth of an unbroken forest. Towards the south are many well cultivated farms, presenting a panorama of many colors, for it is the harvest season of the year. Such is the place. Such it was when our story begins. Two young men stood facing each other in silence upon the shore of the lake. One of them was tall, slight and fair. His actions and appearance were decidedly cheerful, while the other was short, stout and dark. The movements of the latter were dogged and slow and a sullen fierceness shone in his down-cast eyes. They had spent many happy hours in the same place; for they had been boys together, chums at college and the best of friends until now, when all is changed.

Both had secretly loved the same woman; one was now her accepted lover, the other her rejected foe. His intense love and devotion had become secret malice and hungering hate. He was disappointed. He could not, he would not, see his life-long friend drink the cup of happiness which fate had dashed from his own parched lips. Reason! What was reason to oppose itself to such overpowering passions as now held high carnival within him?

"Hello, Henry, old boy, what are you doing here? Have you heard the news? Congratulate me. I am the most lucky fellow in the whole village to day and the most happy."

"I have heard."

"Why then—what—jealous—nonsense!"

"Go away, Steve, go away. No, I cannot congratulate you. Anything but that, Steve. One word. You must not marry Margaret! You shall not!"

"Oh, but I will, and that ends it!"

"Won't you change your purpose?"

"No, never!"

So saying, Stephen Campfire turned and walked away, whistling for joy and seeming to care little for the feelings of his friend, possibly too happy to realize the misery of another.

Henry Topaz watched him for some time, and a sinister expression came over his features, as if some plan of revenge was being evolved for the occasion. As he walked homeward one might have heard him mutter, "Never! No, never!" No one had seen the meeting between the rivals; heard the words spoken, the mutterings of Henry, the hatred which he had conceived for Steve and Margaret. These were unheard and unknown.

The following morning Margaret was found dead—murdered—by the shore of the lake. Early that morning Stephen Campfire had gone to a neighboring town upon business. An undated note was found in the pocket of the murdered woman's dress. The handwriting was that of Stephen Campfire, while further search revealed a handkerchief with the initials S. C. worked in one corner, lying in the bushes a little distance away. The whole village was in an ugly mood when Stephen Campfire returned home the following evening, but no legal steps had yet been taken to secure the murderer's arrest. When confronted with the strong evidence of his guilt now in the hands of the people, he uttered no word in defence but started hastily for the scene of the desperate crime. In a brief period of time, a small boy, breathless from fright and excitement, came running into the village and stated that Stephen Campfire had shot himself and was now lying dead upon the spot where Margaret Blossom had that morning been found.

The next day there were two funerals. The village people en masse followed the body of lovely Margaret to the old cemetery on the hill, and few eyes were dry as the trembling voice of the old clergyman pronounced the solemn burial service at the mouth of the open grave.

Fortunately, Stephen Campfire had no father or mother living to feel the keen pang of lasting disgrace. Only one mourner followed his remains to God's acre on the hillside, but the anguish of that lone man was pitiful to behold. People remarked and commended the constancy and tenderness of Henry Topaz, and wondered how he could suffer and sorrow so deeply at the death of a murderer and suicide. There was nothing further to be done. The law which requires a life for a life had been satisfied, and people soon forgot to mention the double tragedy, so quickly do we bury the past.

Twenty years have passed away, twenty long years of sorrow, two hundred and forty weary months of remorse, and a prematurely aged man ambles into the peaceful village and along its noiseless streets towards the north. He is shabbily clothed, his hair is long and gray, his features are thin, drawn and ghastly. The children, at his approach, run screaming to their mothers, and even the dogs growl and slink away from the uncanny tramp. He notices these manifestations of dread and mutters, "The curse of Cain," as he wanders onward, still moving his parched lips, which give utterance to no articulate speech. Then he turns down a side street towards the road by the lake shore, and walks more quickly as the dusk of evening deepens and the mist rises from the placid waters of the lake. Surely he has been in this place before. Suddenly he stops, then steps more lightly down a narrow foot-path to the shore of the lake, muttering, "Yes, this is the place at last." He stops, lifts his shaggy head, peers into the deepening shadows a moment in questioning silence, and then, falling prone upon the damp earth, he bursts into a fit of uncontrolled weeping. But soon his passion is spent, for he is weak and faint. In a few moments he commences to moan in a broken and pining voice:

"Oh, Margaret! Oh, Stephen! How I have sinned against you both, my best, my last friends! Forgive me, and I will die! I have suffered, oh, God! how I have suffered, but I deserved it all. I killed you both! Oh, forgive me!"

me! I, Henry Topaz, curse me and my name! I killed my only friends. I planned the whole scheme—the letter, the handkerchief. I tricked her to this place. I was insane. Forgive me, Mar—!" Then the sorrowings of the old man ceased forever.

The following local appeared in the evening papers:

"August 30—Last evening at dusk an old man passed through this village, whose appearance and actions were very strange. This morning he was found dead by the lake shore, and some of the older residents remarked that his body was stretched upon the very spot where, just twenty years before, Margaret Blossom was murdered and Stephen Campfire suicided when accused of having committed the crime. The place seems unlucky. Who the old man was, is, and likely will ever remain, a mystery."

Contrasts

I. Lady (on the pavement, to her husband)—Look at the splendid carriage Councillor A—and his lady are driving about in. I only wish we were as lucky!

Privy Councillor's Wife (to her spouse)—I am getting quite ashamed of this old coach. Look how the people stand still and look at us with contempt. If you don't wish to drive me to despair, you must buy a new turn-out.

II. Wood-Chopper—Here I've to chop firewood for that rich property-owner, while he sits doing nothing the live-long day. I'd give anything to change places with him for one week.

Property-owner—I am the unhappiest man in the world, or I am much mistaken. It doesn't look as if I should ever get well again. The doctor says I ought to work. To be sure, if I had a strong constitution like that wood-cutter outside there, I would chop wood from morning till night, and be as happy as the day is long.

III. Briefcase Barrister—When I see His Excellency overwhelmed with honors and distinctions on the occasion of his jubilee, I feel as if I could burst. How miserable to pass through life unnoticed and uncared for!

Prime Minister—I would gladly forfeit all these distinctions if for one short year I might be young once more like that young lawyer, for instance, who is carrying on an animated conversation with his fair companion at the other end of the table.

IV. Young Man—There goes Lieut. N— with his wife, the loveliest and most amiable creature I ever set eyes on. Aye, these lieutenants always have the pick. Ah! poor me! Lieutenant N— (to his wife)—It will perhaps be best for us to part. You have made me wretched enough. I'd rather have wedded the poorest and plainest girl in creation than put up with such a vixen as you are!—*Humoristische Blätter.*

The War Scare.

Jimson, meeting Timson the other morning on the bus, coming to the city, after passing the usual courtesies, comes out with the following:

"Appropos of the war scare, I have arrived at the conclusion, after grave consideration, that if a colored waiter should drop a platter containing a roast turkey, the act would be productive of a grand complication of evils; namely, the downfall of Turkey, the overthrow of Greece, the breaking-up of China, and the humiliation of Africa!"

Rather Hard on Him.

Wheeler—I'm sorry Johnson is so sick. Besides being one of the most humorous fellows I know, he's awfully kind to everybody.

Dadley—Do you think so? Then I wonder he springs so many of his jokes on people.

Cures OTHERS, WILL Cure You.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

MAKES THE WEAK STRONG.

WORLD'S FAIR Chicago 1893



She—Why, Mr. Getover! are you going to leave me here all alone?

GAS FIXTURES

GET QUOTATIONS FROM US BEFORE PURCHASING

FRED ARMSTRONG

277 Queen St. West

Often Tired But Never Weary.

Let's discuss this point for two minutes. Here's a man who says that at a certain period he began to feel "tired and weary." That's precisely the way he puts it in his letter. Now anybody has a right to feel tired or fatigued (it's the same thing), after labor or much exercise. It's the body's fashion of telling you to hold up, to give it a rest. It is a natural and, in health, with supper and sleep just ahead, a pleasant feeling. But weariness—that's different. That comes of monotony, of waiting, of loneliness. Weariness is of the mind, not of the body. But it can arise in the body, all the same. If this bothers you at first, don't say, "Stuff!" "humbug!" but study up on it. A man may be tired and happy, but not weary and happy. For weariness means depressed spirits, and nerves all sagged down in the middle. And when you get both at once you will be wise to find out what's gone wrong.

It is a short letter, this, and we can just as well quote the whole of it. The writer says: "It was in November, 1887, when I began to feel tired and weary. It seemed as if I had no strength left in me. I found that I had always been strong and healthy. My appetite was poor, and for days together I could not touch any food that was placed before me. After every meal that I did succeed in forcing down, I had such dreadful pains in the chest and back that I was almost afraid to eat. There was a sharp pain around the heart, too, as though I was stabbed with a knife."

"I lost a deal of sleep, and for nights together I didn't sleep at all. Then I began to lose flesh rapidly and was afraid I was going into a consumption. Yet I kept on with my work, however, but it was a hard time for me, because I was so weak and nervous that I trembled from head to foot. As time went on I gradually got worse and worse, and my eyes were sunken and drawn in. I consulted a doctor in Kentish Town. He gave me medicine, but it did no good. After all this I got the idea in my head that I should not recover."

"One day a lady came into the shop, and noticing the state I was in, kindly asked how long I had been ill. I told her about it, and she said, 'You try Mother Selge's Curative Syrup; it has made me well, and I believe it will do you good.'"

"I sent for a bottle, and after taking only a few doses I felt relieved. Presently my food agreed with me, and I enjoyed my meals. I could sleep better also, and by keeping on taking the Syrup I soon got as strong as I ever was in my life. Since that time (now over four years ago), I have been in the best of health. I consider that in all probability this remedy saved my life at all events, it restored my health, and life without health don't amount to much. I gladly consent to the publication of this statement, and will answer enquiries. Yours truly (Signed), G. VINCE, 142 Shepherd's Bush Road, London, W., November 20th, 1892."

Thus Mr. Vince's unfortunate experience comes to a happy end. As he has to work for a living, like most of us, he is no doubt often tired, but never weary any more. And what can possibly be more wearisome than long continued illness? With him, as with millions, it was the stomach that was in fault. His food entered the stomach and stopped there. So he suffered from two bad results; he received no strength from it, but he did receive the deadly acids and gases which the fermented stuff gave birth to. Indigestion and dyspepsia. The same old story of pain and misery, and, thank mercy, the same old story of restoration and gratitude after an appeal for help had been made to good old Mother Selge.

Frosts.
The snowless fields lie serene and brown,
Storm doors are shut all over town;
And, touched by frosts, the chestnuts fall
In forest glade and concert hall. R. L. M.

Conductor—Madame, how old is that boy? Elderly man (with freezing dignity)—This young lady, sir, has no wish to ride free. Here is her ticket. Her bicycle is in the baggage-car.

Imperial Table Wine
Recommended by the Medical Profession for Invalids.
40c. PER BOTTLE \$2 PER GALLON
BROWN'S SCOTCH WHISKY—SPECIAL CONVOY PORT—VERY OLD TEA, 25c. per lb., worth 40c. COFFEE, 30c. per lb.
NEW FRUITS—All kinds just arrived.
GRAPE—SPECIAL.
LOCKHART & CO.
Fine Grocers, Wine and Spirit Merchants
139 King Street and 95 York Street, Toronto

TO NURSING MOTHERS!
DURING LACTATION WHEN THE STRENGTH OF THE MOTHER IS DEFICIENT, THE SECRETION OF MILK SCANTY OR THE QUALITY POOR.
WYETH'S MALT EXTRACT!
GIVES MORE GRATIFYING RESULTS. PRICE 40 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

TORONTO STEAM LAUNDRY
Shirts, Collars and Cuffs a Specialty
In doing up Open Front and Collar Attached Shirt we have no equal
106 YORK STREET
Telephone 1605 Geo. P. Sharpe

"EL PADRE" - PINS -
THE RECOGNIZED STANDARD TEN CENT CIGAR

Puffing on the Cheap.
Abraham, the wine merchant, called at the advertising office of a leading paper and enquired if the big advertisement of Traubel, the liquor merchant, which that day figured in the columns of the said paper, was going to appear again.

"Oh! yes," unthinkingly replied the clerk, "it has to be kept in for a month."

"In that case," said Abraham, "will you please insert immediately below it the following brief announcement:

ABRAHAM—ISAAC—JACOB.
Wine and liquor merchant, supplies all the wines named in the above advertisement, 10 per cent. cheaper.—*Le Gaulois.*

Quite Right.
Monty—There goes one of the necessities of the age.
Bronte—Why, that's Windbag the lawyer. What makes you call him a necessity?
Monty—Because necessity knows no law. See?"

Trade Secrets.
Girafer Junior—Why didn't you speak to that stylish lady who passed us just now? I bet she would have given you something.
Patachon Senior—You're mistaken, my mate; I understand women better than you do. A woman when by herself never gives anything; but when there's a pair of them, you may be sure of getting something out of each, for one of them will always be afraid of what the other will think of her if she does not display

Don't Forget
that when you buy Scott's Emulsion you are not getting a secret mixture containing worthless or harmful drugs.
Scott's Emulsion cannot be secret for an analysis reveals all there is in it. Consequently the endorsement of the medical world means something.

Scott's Emulsion
overcomes Wasting, promotes the making of Solid Flesh, and gives Vital Strength. It has no equal as a cure for Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Weak Lungs, Consumption, Scrofula, Anaemia, Emaciation, and Wasting Diseases of Children.
Scott & Bowne, Belleville. All Druggists. 50c. & \$1.

Ladies!
WHY BE PALE AND LANGUID ANY LONGER?
Anemia, or Poverty of Blood, is the cause of the many pale faces we see at the present day.
An Anemic person may be known by a pale, waxy and bloodless complexion and colorless lips.
Jolly's "Buckeye" Pills will restore color, health, strength and beauty, and make the palest face clear and rosy, thus producing a healthy complexion.
Anemia is a disease which takes the lustre from the eyes, the rosy hue from the cheeks, the cherry color from the lips.
To restore these all that is necessary is to send 50 cents to LYNAS BROS. & CO., Sole Agents, 71 Front Street E., Toronto, for a box of Jolly's "Buckeye" Pills, containing 60 doses, easy to take and sufficient to cure.

JAMES' CLEANING AND DYEING
WORKS, 153 Richmond Street W. Gentlemen's Suits, Overcoats, etc., cleaned, dyed and repaired. Ladies' Dresses, Jackets, Shawls, Gloves, Feathers, etc., cleaned or dyed with care; also Lace Curtains, Piano Covers, Damasks, Rugs, etc. Crapes removed. Feathers cleaned and dyed. Kid Gloves cleaned. Ladies' Dress Goods cleaned or dyed. All orders promptly executed. Telephone 656.

CREAM
DELICIOUS SWEET CREAM
Delivered Twice Daily.
We make a Specialty of Whipping Cream.
KENSINGTON DAIRY, 453 1/2 YONGE ST.

a little charity. You see, old chap, our profession is just like any other trade, you have to serve your apprenticeship.—*L'Arlequin.*

A Scene of Love.
The country bride and bridegroom, with clothing creakingly new, walked lovingly hand in hand down the broad hotel dining-room, two souls with but a single thought, and blindly oblivious to all things else but each other on this great, happy earth of ours. Almost crowded on one chair, he fondly fed her as the parent bird its little chick.
"Darling," he murmuringly chuckled, "shall I skin ye a pertater?"
"No, deary," she gurgled, "I've one already skun."

"But when it came to putting down the rebellion, boys," said the camp-fire general, "you boys, you privates, were the cornerstones upon which" (great cheering) "we built our reputations!"

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE SICK HEADACHE
Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing even if they only cured

ACHE
Is the bane of so many lives that there is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.
CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.
Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

WHY—WHY—WHY
USE
Brown's Special ★ ★ ★ Scotch
Because it's on the table of all who know what fine whisky is. See you get it.
Agent—**H. CORBY, Belleville**

HOWARTH'S OARMINATIVE
This medicine is superior to all others for Wind, Cramp and Pain in the Stomach and Bowels of Infants, occasioned by teething or other ailments. It will give baby sound, healthful sleep and rest, also quiet nights to mothers and nurses. Guaranteed perfectly harmless. Extensively used for the last forty years. Testimonials on application.
Trial Bottles, 10c. Large Bottles, 25c.
None genuine without bearing name and address of
S. HOWARTH, DRUGGIST
248 Yonge Street, Toronto

Dry Kindling Wood
Delivered any address, 6 crates \$1.00; 12 crates \$2.00. A crate is 1/2 cord as much as a barrel.
HARVEY & CO., 20 Sheppard Street
Telephone 1870 or send Post Card.

Music.

SIR JOHN STAINER, the eminent English musician, in an address delivered at the recent Church Congress in England made a few remarks concerning a nerve-destraining aspect of church singing with which we are all familiar. He said he could sympathize with the demand for simple so-called congregational music, but had quite failed to discover any historical, or artistic, or ecclesiastical grounds for this sort of universal claim to humor howling—(laughter)—in any portion of our church services, and he had frequently had singers near him that had not only disturbed his own worship, but that of everybody within a radius of five yards. Perhaps his greatest infliction was to have a man just behind him whom he could say sang, but produced the melody of everything two octaves below the trebles, in a bee-in-a-bottle sort of tone—(laughter)—which, heard anywhere but in church, would be on a pillar of inimitable comicality.

The second concert in the Kleiser Star Course, the programme of which was furnished by the Mozart Symphony Club of New York, attracted a large audience to the Pavilion on Thursday evening of last week. An attractive and varied programme was presented, including several ensemble selections by the Club and solo numbers by individual members, among the most entertaining and instructive of which undoubtedly were the performances on the viol d'amour, viol de gamba and the Roman trumpet, obsolete instruments possessing much of historic interest. The cornet solos by Herr Hoch and the violin solos by Mr. Otto Lund proved these gentlemen to be excellent artists, their selections gaining the principal artistic successes of the evening. The Club was assisted by Miss Cecilia Braems and Mlle. Zoe de Vielle, vocalists, the character of whose efforts was hardly in keeping with the general excellence of the concert. The ensemble of the Club in the quartette numbers was good throughout, their selections being chosen to suit the popular taste. Mr. Kleiser is to be congratulated upon the success of the concert and upon the liberal patronage accorded it.

An attractive list of scholarships is now announced by the Metropolitan College of Music, these being good, to the successful candidates, for free instruction to June 25, 1895. The list is as follows: Piano, Miss Minnie E. Topping, teacher; candidates to be between thirteen and sixteen years of age. Vocal, Mr. H. W. Webster, teacher; candidates (soprano or contralto) to be between sixteen and nineteen years of age, preference being given to previously untrained voices. Piano, Mr. Peter C. Kennedy, teacher; candidates to be over thirteen years old. Elocution, Miss Lauretta A. Bowes, teacher; candidates to be between sixteen and nineteen years of age. Violin, Herr Heinrich Klingensfeld, teacher; candidates to be under nineteen years of age and must show a certain degree of proficiency. Intending candidates will require to make application before December 15. A very successful invitation concert was given at the College hall on Monday evening last, when an excellent programme was carried out in the presence of a large and enthusiastic audience.

The great Belgian violinist, Ysaye, makes his only appearance in Toronto in the Pavilion on Tuesday evening, December 18, assisted by Miss Theodor Pfaflin, soprano; Harry M. Field, pianist; the Beethoven Trio, and Guiseppa Dinelli, accompanist. In the *New York World* of November 18 Reginald de Koven says of M. Ysaye: "From the first moment that his bow touches the strings you feel the influence of his personality, you realize the presence of enormous temperamental energy, and feel at once under the sway of conscious power. To extract enthusiasm from a professing critic is perhaps something like getting the proverbial bread from a stone, and perhaps, too, rightly, as impartial judgment and enthusiasm cannot often go hand in hand, but here no such difficulty arises, as there can be but one opinion about M. Ysaye as an artist. If he is not, as has been said, absolutely the greatest of living violinists, he is certainly among the very first, and the question of degree is hardly worth discussing in his case any more than it was in that of M. Paderewski." Subscription lists are open at Nordheimer's and Goulay, Winter & Leeming's.

Mr. Watkin Mills, the eminent artist who is to assist at the Messiah concert at Massey Music Hall on December 15, is spoken of in the following complimentary terms by the *Cincinnati Tribune* in commenting upon this year's May festival in that city: "The palm of the evening undoubtedly belongs to Mr. Watkin Mills. It is rare to find a baritone voice so marvelously well equipped by nature for such a task, combining, as he does, so many qualities—roundness, depth, smoothness and flexibility."

A successful Service of Song was given in St. Peter's church on Thursday evening of last week, the proceeds of which were in aid of the choir fund. A high-class programme was listened to with rapt attention by a large audience. The following ladies and gentlemen took part as soloists during the evening: Misses Cawsey, Macpherson, Rogers, Kimberley, Le Cromier, and Paul, and Messrs. Race, Webster, Kelly, Forsyth and Veele. The service was conducted by Mr. H. W. Webster, choirmaster. Mr. R. G. Staples presided at the organ.

The free organ scholarship under Mr. A. S. Vogt of the Conservatory of Music faculty was won by Miss Lillian M. Hall of Napanee. The competition, which was very keen, was participated in by candidates from all sections of the province.

Mr. Arthur T. Blakeley, organist of Sherbourne street Methodist church, whose popular recitals are attracting great attention both in the city and throughout the province, on Tuesday evening last opened the fine new instrument recently erected and placed in the Presbyterian church, Ingersoll, by Messrs. Lye & Sons, Toronto.

Mr. W. E. Fairclough's third organ recital

for the season, on Saturday afternoon last, was attended by a large and musically representative audience. The programme, as outlined in this column last week, was carried out in admirable style. Mrs. Adamson's violin solo and the Rheinberger duet for violin and organ added much to the enjoyment of the occasion. The next recital of the series will be held on Saturday, January 5.

D'Alessandro's orchestra is rapidly becoming a recognized factor in the success of many of our most prominent social events, the excellence of the work done by this small but efficient band creating an active demand for their services in the best circles of the city. Among the many engagements filled by the orchestra this season might be mentioned recent receptions at the residences of Mrs. H. S. Mitchell, Mrs. S. G. Beatty, Mrs. George Gooderham, Mrs. Matthews, Mrs. S. H. Jones and others.

The report of the Toronto College of Music, which the directors presented at the annual meeting, showed the progress made by the College last year to be very marked. The attendance had so increased that it was found necessary to provide greater accommodation, which was done by securing the handsome building, No. 9 Pembroke street, for the vocal department. The work done by the students was an evidence of the practical results of the careful educational training the College gives its students. The results of the examinations were most gratifying: nine were successful in passing the University of Toronto examinations, three obtained the College diploma (which is equal to two years of university work), nineteen certificates were awarded to students who successfully completed the three years' course, while two hundred and twenty-seven students received testimonials which represent the first and second years' examinations completed. During the year the evening and Saturday afternoon recitals which were given by the students were well attended, and the programmes were distinctively educational.

At the church of Our Lady of Lourdes tomorrow grand musical vespers will be rendered by the choir, assisted by Sig. Pier Delasco, who has kindly consented to sing an *Ave Maria* on this occasion.

The general standard of musical culture in Toronto is undoubtedly higher than in any other city in the Dominion. Montreal, it is true, in the work of its leading musical societies has established a record which in this respect leaves Toronto far in the rear. Notwithstanding this, however, it may fairly be asserted that regarding the matter in its broadest light, music has made infinitely greater progress in this city and province than in Montreal and the province of which Montreal is the principal center of commerce and culture. This has resulted to no small extent, as I have on previous occasions pointed out in this column, through the work of our two admirable musical institutions, the Conservatory and College of Music. The *Montreal Gazette* of the 31st ult., in an able editorial on Musical Education in Canada, points out Montreal's weakness as regards the lack of properly equipped music schools, and compares the condition of affairs in that city with the more favorable circumstances prevailing in Toronto. In this connection the *Gazette* remarks: "We have had, no doubt, and still have, societies which do a great deal of good work, such as the Mendelssohn Choir, the Philharmonic Society and concerts which bring before the public local or foreign artists of acknowledged merit. But all this is necessarily to a large extent hazardous; it is not conservative and systematic enough to constitute a musical education properly so called. Toronto has two musical institutions which aim at giving a systematic course of study, the College of Music, which is affiliated with the University of Toronto, and the Conservatory of Music, which is affiliated with Trinity University. The Toronto Conservatory is the best institution of its kind in the Dominion, and one of the best on the continent of America. For students, and teachers and public alike a conservatory would have an elevating influence, and it is to be hoped that there are enough lovers of good music in Montreal to see that in this respect, as in others, Montreal is placed where it ought to be—at the head of the Dominion."

An effort is being made in Montreal to reconstitute the Mendelssohn Choir of that city with Mr. Joseph Gould, the former conductor, as musical director. Mr. Gould, it will be remembered, resigned last season on account of ill-health. The society then disbanded, but its adherents appear anxious for reorganization and the probabilities now are that something may be accomplished in that direction.

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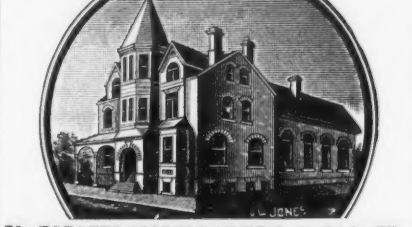
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Mrs. Mortimer Clark's tea on Saturday was most enjoyable and was attended by a very large circle of guests, who, however, found ample room in the hospitable home of their hostess. The plan of the house, with many rooms opening in every direction, gave free passage to the crowds of ladies and gentlemen and prevented the jam so often remarked about the refreshment and reception rooms.

The choir of the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes will give musical vespers on Sunday next. The high standard attained by this choir under the efficient leadership of Miss Fannie Sullivan places it as one of the best in the city. The Christmas music promises to be very fine. The beautiful Mass in C by Siles is being prepared and will be given for the first time in Toronto on Christmas day. This mass obtained the gold medal and prize of one thousand francs out of eighty six competitors. The Lady of Lourdes church is to be congratulated upon the many fine voices of its choir members, also upon their choir leader, Miss Sullivan, whose untiring efforts have added so much to the musical service of the church.

Mr. and Mrs. Hume Brown are happy over the arrival of a pretty little daughter. They are now living at 38 Sussex avenue.

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Births.

ASBURY—Chicago, Nov. 29, Mrs. Francis Asbury—a daughter.
ELGIE—Dec. 4, Mrs. R. N. Elgie—a son.
MARTIN—Dec. 5, Mrs. K. Martin—a son.
MACY—Nov. 29, Mrs. D. Macy—a daughter.
ELLIS—Dec. 2, Mrs. W. A. Ellis—a daughter.
MACMILLAN—Dec. 2, Mrs. J. R. Macmillan—a son.
LECKIE—Nov. 30, Mrs. J. Leckie—a son.
RICHARDSON—Nov. 25, Mrs. W. A. Richardson—a daughter.
ROSS—Nov. 26—Mrs. Fred Ross—a daughter.
MULVILL—Nov. 27, Mrs. T. Mulvill—a son.

Marriages.

ROBERTSON—MELHUISE—Nov. 18, R. Robertson to Miss Melhuish.
PAUKHURST—NORRIS—Nov. 21, Henry Walter Paukhurst to Margaret Jane Norris.
SMITH—BRAUN—Nov. 28, George A. Smith to Florence Alma Braun.
HAMILTON—SPENCE—Tokyo, Nov. 1, Rev. H. J. Hamilton to Miss Spence.
HARDY—CURTIS—Dec. 1, Alexander D. Hardy to Mary Elizabeth Curtis.
RAY—MILLS—Nov. 27, Will H. Ray to Harriet Mills.

Deaths.

JOSEPH—Nov. 30, Robert Joseph.
GURNEY—Dec. 4, Nancy Gurney, aged 75.
MORAY—Dec. 3, Albert Edward Moray, aged 75.
DOWNIE—Dec. 4, Margaret Downie, aged 79.
HOPE—Nov. 28, William Hope, aged 79.
HOPKINS—Dec. 1, Johanna M. Hopkins, aged 85.
MACNAB—Dec. 2, Mary W. MacNab, aged 85.
FALCONBRIDGE—Dec. 1, John Kennedy Falconbridge, aged 75.
JONES—Dec. 3, Isabella Jones, aged 72.

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